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THE HISTORY OF AN ENTHUSIAST.

THE HISTORY OF A NONCHALANT.

THE HISTORY OF A REALIST.

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BY MARIA JANE JEWSBURY.

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THE

HISTORY OF AN ENTHUSIAST.

Looking far forth into the ocean wide,
A goodly ship, with banners bravely dight,
And flag in her top-gallant, I espied,
Through the main sea making her merry flight;
Fair blew the wind into her bosom right,
And the heavens looked lovely all the while,
That she did seem to dance as in delight,
And at her own felicity did smile:
All suddenly there clove unto her keel
A little fish, that men call Remora,
Which stopped her course, and held her by the heel,
That wind nor tide could move her thence away.

SPENSER.

CHAPTER I.

For children's sports too old and grave,
Too much a child to be content.

LORD GOWER'S FAUST.

Where is Miss Myrtle, can any one tell?

Literary Souvenir for 1830.

How often the above inquiry had to be made of little Julia Osborne, and how strange were the answers that had in general to be given, and how dismayed was nurse and grandmother full five times every day, not excluding Sunday, will be fully understood in the progress of a few pages. All children must, of necessity, occasion anxiety and trouble: blessed be those parental spirits who never lose their tempers even with the best; whilst if any in a remoter degree of relationship outlive the fiery trial of bringing up and having patience with a regularly naughty child, such individuals have earned a place in the calendar of domestic saints. It must however be admitted, that what in the nursery is technically denominated naughtiness, frequently arises from the premature and therefore troublesome developement of character.

Energy which eventually turns to splendid account, and spirits that in after life bear their possessor, as with wings, over an ocean of mortal agony, or enable him, as with "shoes of iron and brass," to tread down the thorns and briars that obstruct his path, are generally in childhood abundant sources of annoyance. Except in cases of supererogatory misdoings, there is a tacit toleration extended to boys; from their birth they have the benefit of sex; but this toleration is never extended even to the least naughty of girls. It is an understood thing, that from the cradle they *ought*, at all events, to be good; and neither tear books, spill ink, "play in the pretty mud,"* or make a rent in the flounced white frock.

It would be a question for the Sorbonne to decide, whether a neat, precise, lady-like gentlewoman, to whom a speck on her gown is emblematic of a stain on her moral conduct; who never suffers an end of thread to find rest on her carpet, or a fly to brush his wings on her white dimity curtains without threatening him with a paper cage; whether this personage, or a mischievous, romping, untidy, destructive child, would suffer most from being made to inhabit the same apartment. The gentlewoman would suffer most if she had to endure the propinquity, without the power given by consanguinity; and the child would suffer most, if she possessed such power coupled with the

* The birth-day request made by infant royalty (Buonapartean to be sure) not many years since.

will to use it; at least, so I think, from a lively impression of what my spinster matronhood has endured, and from a dim remembrance of what my childhood inflicted.

Those who agree with Milton, that—

"Childhood shows the man as morning shows the day,"

will not perhaps object to commencing their acquaintance with the enthusiast through the medium of a nursery dialogue.

"Where is Miss Julia? Miss Osborne, where are you? Julia! Julia Osborne!—come here this instant, I tell you! Martin, how can you be so careless of my grand-daughter? I am exceedingly displeased. Why do you not look better after her?"

"Ma'am, I might as well look after the wind, and the wind would pay as much heed to me."

"Martin, I shall take no excuses; what do I keep you for but to attend to Miss Julia? There, she is never to be found when she is wanted—never fit to be seen—never out of mischief; is this a proper training up, do you think, for a young lady? Really, Martin, if you were not such an old servant, and so fond of the child, I don't know what I should say."

"Well, ma'am, I must indeed own, that for all she is the greatest darling that ever lived, she is, certainly, the naughtiest child that ever was born."

"You will have the goodness not to speak so of Miss Osborne, she is just as good as other children; and pray, Martin, now I think of it, why, when I saw her last, had she that dirty white frock on?"

"It is her second this morning, ma'am.'

"There it is—there is no end to the washing you make."

"I, ma'am?"

"Yes, you; ought not you, as her nurse, to teach and persuade her to take care of her things? Spend—spend—spend; I shall be ruined in keeping her clothes in repair."

"If she had fewer toys and more books she would not be half so destructive, I'm just positive; if she can but get hold of a book—"

"Yes!—then she is moping, and dreaming, and just like a mute; no, indeed, I do not intend my grand-daughter to be a bookish miss."

"Then she must go on wearing and tearing, just as she does," replied old nurse, doggedly, "a disgrace to be seen."

"Which," resumed the reasoning and unreasonable grandmamma, "is entirely your fault, Martin. Look at Miss Caroline Price—at all the little Prices indeed—always neat, never a pin out of place, and their bonnets—very well thought of indeed!—pray what has become of that good, new Dunstable bonnet, with the handsome lilac ribbon at twenty pence a yard, that I bought Miss Julia only a fortnight since?"

"Why, ma'am—"

"Well? some misfortune, I suppose?"

"Why, ma'am, Miss called it her babe-in-the wood bonnet—but I really think it is not quite spoiled—only the looks to be sure—but if I must tell the truth, why, ma'am, Miss filled it with blackberries yesterday."

At this moment the missing culprit entered the drawing-room, where the foregoing colloquy happened to be held, but with the air of one who is unconscious of deserving or being about to receive reproof.

"Dear Miss Julia, love, why did'nt you just answer when you heard us all calling out for you?"

"Because I did not hear you, nurse; I was up in the great apple tree—"

"A pretty place for a grand-daughter of mine, indeed! and pray—oh you naughty, naughty girl!—and pray what took you there?"

The child colored, and seemed ashamed to speak.

"So, so;—more mischief I perceive—why could not you wait till the apples were ripe?"

"The apples! O grandmamma, just as if I cared for *them!*"

"Don't speak so scornfully, if you please, of my golden pippins, the finest tree in the country; but tell me at once what you were doing there—and be so good, child, as to bring that hand from behind your back."

The child obeyed slowly, and with evident reluctance produced a book.

"Shakspeare, as I live! Well to be sure!"

"Mercy upon us, Miss! but heathen play-acting books are not for babes like you."

"And you have absolutely, and positively, and up in my golden-pippin apple tree, been reading this book?"

"Yes, grandmamma.* Oh, don't take it from me

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* Fact of a child seven years old, a year younger than Julia.

dear, dear, grandmamma ! I will promise not to spoil, (sobbing,) not to spoil anything any more, and I will be *so* good; I will never ride the pony without a saddle, or, or, (sobbing increased,) paint the jackdaw into a parrot any more ; or get up into the apple tree any more, if you will only leave me this book, and let me read in the parlor—oh, do let me know what becomes of Macbeth at last !"

" Well, indeed ! a pretty pass is this world come to ! There, Martin, take this book,—but stay a moment—whose is it ?—Robert Mortimer—so, so !—a pretty companion indeed is Miss Annette Mortimer for you—lending her father's books."

" She is much better than I am, grandmamma,—and I begged, and prayed, and teazed her, to lend me that book, or she never would."

" Very well; Martin, this must go to its right owner; but go you and lock up every single scrap of a book about the house, except—except, you understand—the large bible and the receipt book.—Come here, Julia, give over crying now, and listen like a good girl. I am not going to punish you, you are come to an age to understand reason—so I shall reason with you, my dear. In the first place, I am your grandmother, and the only one left to take care of you ; and you will have a very large fortune sometime, more money than you could count ; and God Almighty has taken away your own dear mother—don't cry, child, for I love you just as well as she did, and that makes me so anxious to do my duty to you : your father is dead too, but we need not talk about him ;

books and such like did him a great deal of harm indeed—injured his health—made him poor—but, however, God Almighty has taken him too, and will be very angry if I do not, as I was saying, bring you up in a way proper for one who will have twenty thousand pounds—ah, you may stare, child; but perhaps it may be even more; now I never saw any good come of people being bookish, and learned, and clever. I intend you to learn to dance though, and to paint, but above all, to be notable, and to know how to manage your house and servants, that you may make some show with your money, and not be imposed upon; therefore, you see, my dear, I do my duty when I take Shakspeare from you, for he would only fill your head with nonsense."

"Then would you please, grandmamma, let me have some books that will not fill my head with nonsense?"

"My dear, don't I hear you your spelling every day?—and I am going to speak to old William the clerk about teaching you to write and cypher; and in time I shall send you for a couple of years to Miss Shackleton's boarding-school; be a good child, and you shall have an excellent education—only you must first learn to be notable—there now, give me a kiss, and go and dress that large new doll I bought for you yesterday."

"I don't care for dolls though—I hate them."

"Oh, fie!—and I gave a golden guinea for that doll, and it will open and shut its eyes. Well then,

you may come in the kitchen, and sit by me while I make the lemon cheesecakes that you are so fond of."

No answer: but an indignant and contemptuous glance intended for the cheesecakes.

"Very well, Miss Julia, very well, Miss; but if you are so sulky, and sit kicking the staves of my new rose-wood chairs, I can tell you one thing—you shall not go with me this evening up to the lodge to take Mr. Mortimer's book back."

Still no answer.

"O July, July, I see how it is; you don't care a pin for your old grandmother that spoils you so."

"Yes, but I do though, grandmamma. I am a very naughty girl, but I do love you, and I will go and see you make the cheesecakes, even if you don't take me with you to the lodge this evening."

"That's my precious love—O there never was such another, except your mother before she ran away with your father; you shall have a parasol, I declare, for that pretty saying,—a beautiful, smart, pea-green parasol."

CHAPTER II.

—The next was a plain countrywoman: "Well, mistress," says Radamanthus, "and what have you been doing?" "An't please your worship," says she, "I did not live quite forty years; and in that time brought my husband seven daughters, made him nine thousand cheeses, and left my eldest girl with him to look after his house in my absence, and who, I may venture to say, is as pretty a housewife as any in the country."—*Guardian.*

It will have been abundantly evident to the discriminating reader, that worthy Mrs. Carhampton was not exactly the fittest person either to understand the disposition, or rightly assist the education of her grandchild. Her own excellencies all lay in her heart and in her purse, and little perception had she, that the world contained excellence of any other kind than those expressed by good nature and good fortune. Her husband had been in trade; whilst he was so, she assisted him to save his money, and when he retired—she assisted him in the spending of it, or rather took the supreme disposal of it upon herself. The frugal ideas which had once been necessary, combined with a love of show which afterwards displayed itself, made her mind as curious a compound as her establishment. She was proud at once of having

made a fortune in trade, and proud of being in trade no longer; proud of being noticed by her superiors, and not too proud to show that she was so; proud of her grandchild from the family instinct; prouder still, because her grandchild was from circumstances wholly in her own care and keeping; proudest of all, because she would inherit the result of her husband's and her own united toil and anxiety. He, her help-meet, had been dead some years; so that keeping her pretty house, garden, and shrubbery, in the most delicate order, giving the best of dinners, wearing the richest of silks and laces, yet with all this display giving herself as little respite from manual exertion as any servant on her premises—the French epitaph might have been made prospectively for her—

> C'y git ma femme, et ciel sait bien
> Pour son répos, et aussi pour mien.

An arrant specimen of prosperous vulgarity was Mrs. Carhampton; but the vulgarity was so inlaid with kindness, and proceeded so much more from ignorance of etiquette than from innately coarse feeling, that she was tolerated and liked in the midst of *gaucheries* that would have consigned many a one to social oblivion. She had, besides, an original and unlettered vein of sense, that effectually saved her from contempt, and made her a pleasant addition to the silent circles of country gentility. Then, if she was proud of being noticed by her superiors, she could in her turn, play patroness to the life. The

confectioner would "seriously incline" to her strictures on his art, in consideration of her tongue being in behalf of favorites a perfect puffing machine; and more than one inferior dress or bonnet maker, or draper, not over accustomed to see "customers come in," felt the value of her zealous recommendation. She had her prodigies and her lions, but they were never literary; her visiting talk was of huckaback, or of things to which huckaback is philosophically allied; she made calls, pocket-laden with patterns of every article from which patterns could be cut, and many a yard of costly material was spoiled by the needle and shears of one or other of the artists whom she was endeavoring to lift into notice. If this was not true charity, true charity never was; but it was charity—self-renunciation—love of one's neighbors—personal sacrifice beyond compare—as all agreed who witnessed the misbefitting fits, that during a reign of patronage, marked the gowns and bonnets of Julia and her good grandmother. One other feature remains to be noticed in the character of our heroine's relative. Her dread of genius balanced her estimation of money, and for both she had excuses. She had witnessed the accumulation of wealth by little and little, and she felt in her own person how many good deeds it could perform. She had proved that money, like knowledge, is power; it had built her a handsome house, procured her the notice of her superiors, and increased her own self-satisfaction; it had put vines in her hot-house, plants in her conservatory, and

had she chosen, it would have put books and pictures in her drawing-room. But Mrs. Carhampton did not so choose. The being who once stood to her in the place of Julia—her only daughter, had run away with a flute-playing, verse-making, sketch-taking, love-and-idleness kind of man, whose frequent appeals to his father-in-law's purse, and final desertion of his family, had ever after induced her to consider talent as connected, in some inexplicable manner, with poverty, ill conduct, and disgrace. Not having a clear head at distinctions, she confounded all modifications of mind together; use and abuse—first-rate and second-rate—profitable and unprofitable. She had the same horror of genius that she would have had of an infectious disorder; in her estimation it was the small pox of the soul. Books, therefore, as the depositories of genius, and education, as the accredited mode of bringing it to light, found little favor in her sight, and Julia's yearning after both met with as little encouragement. True indeed to her promise, she sent her, when she reached the age of twelve, to a boarding-school for a couple of years; but as in her opinion a school was a school, she sent her to one of the nearest, and sooth to say, not one of the best. Still it was a place where to teach and to learn were the avowed occupations of the day, where the materials for acquiring information were ever at hand, and where to be asorbed in books was not a fault but a virtue. Elsewhere, Julia might have acquired more and with more facility; but she had that within her

which supplied, in some measure, the high intellectual instruction which it is the province of a superior teacher to impart—which clothes the dry bones of fact with the flesh and raiment of thought and fancy. She gained not all that was possible, but still she gained much. In fact, ignorance and mediocrity could not dwell with Julia. She had by this time outgrown her more childish eccentricities, took care of her clothes, bade adieu to tree-climbing, riding without a saddle, or filling her bonnet with blackberries; had even learnt to be civil to "the little Prices"—was become externally, to use Martin's phrase, "more like other young ladies;" but the spirit that actuated her as a child was now in stronger, and more concentrated, if also in more silent operation. Her mind was athirst for knowledge, and every thing that was offered in lieu, so far from satisfying, disgusted. What the restless, questioning, dreaming power within her was, that made her draw inferences from every thing she beheld—that bade sounds and spectacles, however trivial, "haunt her like a passion" —that made nature a vague glory that she loved without comprehending—that excited high but unutterable longings after lovely but unimaginable things:—what the power within her was, which when she read of heroes and high deeds clothed them with absolute vitality, so that the dead became the living, the past a presence, and the simple knowledge that such things had really existed, a glory and a joy—Julia knew not; but making every circumstance as it arose, every

person that crossed her path, assist the developement of that power, she became, as by instinct, old in heart whilst young in years. Her mind grasped at every thing, her imagination was in a constant state of attrition; and vague, fanciful, and crude as her conceptions unavoidably were—chaotic as was the state of her intellectual being, there only wanted the magician Time, or that more powerful magician, a master passion, to evoke from the chaos a world of order and beauty. Her mind was enveloped in twilight, but it was twilight before the dawn of a summer's day. Annette Mortimer, two years younger than herself, and delightfully circumstanced as regarded opportunities of improvement, but less disposed to avail herself of them, altogether a lighter and brighter character, continued to be Julia's favorite friend.

Mrs. Carhampton was proud of the acquaintance, both for Julia and herself, but she was yet, secretly, a little afraid of Mr. Mortimer, who, though of inferior fortune, was a gentleman by birth and descent. He was an excellent neighbor during the shooting season, was no wise indisposed to eat and praise her dinners, get her franks when the member was down, pay her a hundred country-gentleman-like attentions; still he was a man of keen discrimination, with a vein of humor that delighted now and then to mystify the old lady. "A genius the girl is, and will be," said he one day, "a born genius."

"And what, in the name of wonder, may that be?" inquired his auditor.

"Ah, there you have me; *what* genius is I don't pretend to define, or even to know; whether it be a natural inspiration, a faculty, or the mere application of faculty in general, I know not; but be it what it may in the way of ability, Julia has it; so resign yourself to the affliction, buy her books instead of trinkets—in a word, let her follow her bent."

"Oh, Mr. Mortimer!" cried the old lady, raising her spectacles till they rested on her cap border, "and can you sit there calling yourself the girl's friend, encouraging her in all such vagaries? Look at my education, and what the worse am I for never having had a taste for books? Thank my stars, except my bible, my newspaper, and Mrs. Glasse, I never wasted an hour in reading in my life."*

"My good friend, that is all very well for you, particularly now, at your time of life; but you are not doing your duty by that girl—she is not so to be satisfied; I tell you she has real genius."

Mrs. Carhampton groaned aloud—"Think what genius did for my daughter's husband—ruined him—ruined him outright!"

"Excuse me, madam, it was not genius, but gin and water."

"And Julia will have such a fortune, you know."

"So much the more needful that her mind should be richly, carefully, and strictly cultivated."

* "I have heard of a Knight of Malta, (remembered at Lisbon in my youth,) who used to say, in his English, 'I *tank* my God dat I never, in all my life, read a book dat was *ticker* dan my *tum*.'"

SOUTHEY'S COLLOQUIES.

"It has been cultivated just as you say, Mr. Mortimer; she was two years with Miss Shackletons, a most genteel establishment, the best of every thing, and all imaginable attention paid to health and manners; and she is now turned fifteen, and I'm sure her mind is a perfect garden of Eden for cultivation."

"What anomalies the world holds!" thought Mr. Mortimer, as he parted from his guest and disputant. "Here is my pretty idle baggage, Annette, who learns scarcely anything with all my instructions; and here is this Julia, with her 'soft, dark, earnest, spiritual eyes,' who seems to acquire by intuition, to think, speak, and feel full of the spirit of the south, full of ardor and intelligence; 'a child of grace and genius.' What, I wonder, will be her history and fate? What Annette's? I should like to hear the gipsies tell their own fortunes, which they assuredly would according to their own secret wishes and ideas of happiness. Here, girls, come hither, sit down beside me and tell me what would be your choice if asked to select a fairy favor; and you, Annette, as youngest, giddiest, and idlest of the two, shall speak first."

"O, papa, what a compliment! Well, let me think;" and the golden-haired sylph, with her

> Dancing shape and image gay,
> To haunt, to startle, and waylay,

assumed an air of consideration, that mocked and yet gave a new charm to her gay beauty. "Let me think; wealth is such a poor, mean, common-place affair, and there are one or two things that it will not

buy either; a great deal of knowledge—humph, it would tire me to carry it about with me; a nice pretty title, papa—no, I am too thoughtless, I should make people laugh when they ought to look grave and say, 'your grace,' or 'your highness.'—I believe, papa, I must be content when I am a great deal older—to make a charming wife, to some very, very charming man, just like youself."

"Very well, Miss Giddy-brains," said Mr. Mortimer, looking at his fair child with all the father in his eye, and with something of the poet in his heart, "so let it be, you have made the right choice, and in due time I have no objection to the

*—Nest in a green dale,
A harbor and a hold,
Where thou a wife and friend, shalt see
Thy own delightful days, and be
A light to young and old."

"Dear papa, those lines are enough to make me want to leave you to-morrow."

Mr. Mortimer resumed his quotation :—

"There, healthy as a shepherd boy,
As if thy heritage were joy,
And pleasure were thy trade,
Thou, while thy babes around thee cling,
Shalt show us how divine a thing,
A woman may be made."

"No indeed, papa, the poet makes a little mistake there, for such a woman would not look at all divine,

* Wordsworth.

but very like a figure of charity—a burly beggar woman in a grey cloak and half a gown."

"O saucebox; but what say you to the rest?

> "Thy thoughts and feelings shall not die,
> Nor leave thee when gray hairs are nigh,
> A melancholy slave;
> But an old age, serene, and bright,
> And lovely as a Lapland night,
> Shall lead thee to thy grave."

"Why, papa, if you think it is not too late for the poet, and too soon for me, I really think *he* would do for my 'very, very charming person;' now ask Julia to choose her fairy favor."

"Well, Penseroso, what would be your choice?"

Julia gave no immediate reply beyond blushing, which, with a hesitating half-conscious manner, evidenced a dislike of avowing her decision, whatever it might be.

Mr. Mortimer repeated his question in a coaxing tone:—still Julia hung back.

"I dare be bound," said Annette, determined to provoke a reply, "that she wants to be a queen, with a sceptre in one hand and a golden ball in the other, just like the prints in our History of England."

"O no, no!" exclaimed Julia, "a poet is far nobler than a king—fame is better than a crown."

"It is a crown of another kind, my dear," replied Mr. Mortimer.

Julia regarded him with an earnest look that seemed to say, "it were something to wear *that* crown."

"I am determined to teaze you into making a choice," said the privileged Annette.

"Then, sir, if I must speak," said Julia in a low voice, and turning her eyes away from Mr. Mortimer, "I choose Fame."

"The laurel, forsooth! but remember, from its leaf poison is distilled, choose again, my dear."

Julia, having once had the secret wish of her heart discovered, was timid no longer, and she now replied without faltering, "Fame, sir."

"And what good would fame do you,—a woman?"

"It would make amends for being a woman—I should not pass away and perish."

"But have you forgotten—

> "Ah, who can tell how *hard* it is to climb
> The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar?"

"No, sir, I have not forgotten."

"Setting aside the ten thousand chances against a woman's achieving what shall permanently and honorably distinguish her, she will probably suffer great loss, certainly great trials, during her foray into the enchanted wood; even her genius will probably be like a chariot wheel, set on fire and consumed by the velocity of its own motion; then her health—her spirits—oh, you forget yourself, my dear child, make another choice."

"I do, sir, as before—Fame."

"Well, Julia, that may pass off as the wish of a young lady of fifteen, who knows little of herself, and

nothing of the world; but just see here what a very, very distinguished woman has left on record, (Mr. Mortimer turned to the preface of Madame Roland's Impartial Appeal)—the only celebrity that can increase a woman's happiness, is that which results from the esteem excited by her domestic virtues."

CHAPTER III.

Plain living and high thinking.
WORDSWORTH.

A DIGNIFIED, but most rare and difficult union this! It is comparatively easy to separate the two, to circumscribe the claims of nature, or give latitude to those of mind; but to effect both at the same time, argues real superiority at once of principle and intellect. To study economy from a pinching sense of its necessity, yet never to suffer sordid cares to impede the exercise of a cultivated understanding; to have one eye rigidly fixed on the pence-table, and with the other to pierce the empyrean of science, poetry, or religion, is much more difficult than to ascend Mount Blanc with Mr. Auldjo, or accompany Captain Parry to the North Pole. Extremes are things of very easy management; and mediums, which are generally consigned to people of mediocrity, are in fact, the things which to manage properly require great mind. It is easy to forget the common affairs of life, and easy to be absorbed in them; easy to be too ethereal for any occupation but thinking, or too coarse for any questions beyond such

as have reference to the life of the body; but to find taste, and time, and energy for both, argues such a balance of power—moral and intellectual—that if the individual cannot receive a triumph, he deserves, at least, an ovation. This marrying of arithmetic to divine philosophy—this making genius stoop its "enthroned fires," and give earnest heed to the consumption of coal and candles, the latter not of wax but of veritable tallow—is, may be, and has been done; and most frequently, and with most grace perhaps, in a country parsonage.

Elegant, or even orderly arrangements, are not the invariable result of lavish expenditure; competence, under the direction of taste and refinement, can produce a much greater appearance of style than wealth without such a presiding influence; whilst with it, positively limited means become productive of graceful comfort. It was on this ground that the parsonage proceedings at Hemdon afforded our friend, Mrs. Carhampton, a perpetual theme of admiring discourse. The old rector's handsome establishment, with all the et-ceteras incident to handsome establishments, she could comprehend; not on the principle of his clerical income—three hundred pounds per annum, or two hundred clear, for the odd hundred went to enrich his curate; but the reverend Dr. Bampton had a private and hereditary income; moreover, he had not a wife and four children—the wife delicate, the children boys. "Girls—" she would remark, when upon the death of the former incumbent, the reverend John

Percy, who had the above-named incumbrances of wife and children without the consolation of a private fortune, was appointed to the living of Hemdon: "Girls," she would say, "are of some service in a house. I am not just thinking of my grand-daughter Julia, because she will have a fortune, but of girls who must be brought up to look about them, and they are of some service in a house, from the time they can hem a glass-cloth, up to the day of their leaving it either to be married or buried. Girls are certainly great comforts with a small fortune: it is an anxious thing, to be sure, to leave four or five who must club their pittances, and live together very straitly, in order to keep up an appearance; but then they cost so much less than boys whilst bringing up, and take so much better care of their clothes; and when they *are* left to wrestle through the world, they have a natural sharp-wittedness in making bargains, that I verily think bestowed upon them by Providence; and girls are certainly, sight out of mind, less troublesome than boys, and if they are naughty, it is a much less destructive kind of naughtiness: then, when girls grow up, if they should be troublesome in another way, you have always one safe, sure, and easy remedy—you can lock them up: (the old lady forgot that she had tried the locking-up system on her own daughter with little good effect)—poor Mrs. Percy! how she manages, manager as I am, I can't discover; she, with her bad health and those four boys, or say three, now Cecil is at college; she, with her two hundred and eighty

pounds a year, or say three hundred, as Mr. P. keeps no curate and has the surplice fees, and only one maid and a tiny sprig of a lad,—and the whole house going on just like clock-work ; the children as nice as noblemen, she herself always looking like a lady, catch her when you will," &c.

"You seem very partial to our new rector," some auditor would observe, if such a speech as the foregoing happened to be soliloquized in public.

"Yes, indeed, I am very partial to them all, even to the boys—the boys at home, I mean ; and Cecil I hear is a sweet, mild youth, and I'll be bound never litters or disturbs the house ; so I expect to like him too. Yes, indeed, I am exceedingly partial. I think Mr. Percy's preaching true orthodox gospel. I quite agree with every word he says, just as I did with good old Dr. Bampton ; though, to be sure, there is no more likeness between them and their sermons, than between my Julia and one of the Miss Prices (they were the *little* Prices no longer) ; and, to tell you the truth, I can't say but I respect the Percies too, just as much as if they were one's equals—one's equals in fortune, I mean ; all are equal in the sight of Heaven, you know ; I, and the king, and every body : but, indeed, if I did not like the rector as well as I do, I should think it my duty to show the poor that I countenance the cloth, which is not the fashion so much as it used to be — more's the pity ! 'I give tithes of all I possess,' even that poor, proud pharisee could say ; and I think, ma'am, it behoves us Chris-

tians, who are altogether so vastly superior to him, to do as much, or more indeed, and to show the clergy little attentions, and make them little presents—very well thought of, by the bye! Here, John! gardener John I say! Be sure do not forget to cut a nice dish of grapes to-night to go to the Rectory; and bid the cook kill a couple of guinea-fowls to go along with them; and take them yourself, with Mrs. Carhampton's respects, and say I desire to know how Mr. Percy does, and how Mrs. Percy's cough is, and all the family, how they do; and ask when they expect Mr. Cecil from Oxford. Now, John gardener, don't blunder that message as you generally do: Mrs. Carhampton's *respects* mind, not compliments."

As manifested by these "orient pearls at random strung," it will be noted that Mrs. Carhampton had an antiquated, wholesome, old-English kind of respect for her parish pastor. In her, however, it was more than personal homage rendered to personal character—it was a portion of her religion, the levitical part of her creed. "The reverend" was to her a name of power—a sermon, something that it was wrong to criticise; all doctrine broached from a pulpit was of necessity sound, and to her apprehension the same—true orthodox gospel. Her best curtsey (she was of the olden times in that too) had ever been reserved for her rector; and with just enough difference in the dip to mark the difference of their rank, her next best at the service of his curate. She was, perhaps, more flattered by Dr. Bampton's encomiums on her dinners,

for he being rich was the more profound critic ; yet the reverend Mr. Caregrew had ever met with as cordial an invitation—as warm a welcome. But when by the death of one and the departure of the other of these gentlemen, the rector and curate became identified in Mr. Percy, her clerical feelings underwent a change, that not being addicted to metaphysical subtleties, she failed to analyse and comprehend. It would have been patronage, if the grave gentlemanhood of his deportment had not inspired something which would, on the other hand, have been fear, but that his dignified urbanity inspired a counterbalance of sincere interest and liking. She could not venture upon quite such good jokes, or quite such long histories of her own proceedings and opinions, with the taciturn, unpretending, yet high-styled man, whom she now called her pastor ; but she caught herself paying unwonted heed to his remarks, which in the midst of their simplicity, generally enshrined some thought at once adapted to his hearer's comprehension, and yet calculated to do her good. At her grand dinners when the table sighed beneath its load, a mahogany Atlas bearing a world of fish, flesh, and fowl, Mr. Percy was not to be had ; but the friendly call in a morning, or the social visit in an evening, was often, and as it seemed with pleasure awarded. The fact was, Mr. Percy's humility and content were the entire growth of principle ; by nature he was proud and high-spirited, not so much in the outer as the inner man, and there yet lingered a height about

his manners, that rather repelled than encouraged elaborate attentions on the part of his rich parishioners. But good Mrs. Carhampton was not to be resisted; patronage was out of the question, but kind she would be, and kind she was in every way that she durst. Mrs. Percy, a calm-browed, meek-eyed, delicate woman—the lady, as our friend observed, catch her whenever you would, was one who gave earnest heed to domestic economy without ever making it the subject of conversation; and diffused over her really cottage home, by the aid of such trifles as shelves of books, pictures in maple-wood frames, and vases of flowers, an air of refinement wanting in her neighbor's house, though three times as large, and redolent of rose-wood, yellow damask, and ball fringe.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy, with their three fine boys, were sitting in their little cabinet parlor, occupied in that most interesting meal of all the four—tea; and also in pastoral and domestic discussion—the former relating to the condition of sundry bed-ridden old people and alphabet-learning children, the latter to the anticipated return of their fire-side favorite, their young Oxonian, Cecil—when the "nice dish of grapes," and the faithfully killed "guinea-fowls," made their appearance. Gardener John had not for once blundered over his message; the respects were duly delivered, and the inquiries after the family coughs and ailments duly made; indeed John so fully shared his mistress's feelings for the present rector, that he would (and he was not much given to compli-

ments) have condescended to inquire after his reverence's house dog.

"We are very much obliged," said Mrs. Percy, looking really pleased.

"Our neighbor is exceedingly kind," said Mr. Percy, striving to look the same.

"I believe Mrs. Carhampton has great pleasure in paying us these attentions, love."

"I believe so too, my dear; and grapes are very good for you: I am glad they are come," said Mr. Percy; and he reached down Hall's Contemplations.

"And Cecil's welcoming meal will be improved by the remainder of the present," said the mother.

"My dear Louisa, do you think our boy would absolutely find out whether his welcoming meal, as you call to-morrow's dinner, were of bread and cheese, or cucumbers stuffed with pearls? Besides, love—"

"I know what you are going to say; but consider, a kindly motive can sanctify a homely deed."

"Certainly; and when a cottager presents me with a small basket of apples from his single tree, I accept the offering with pleasure. In doing so, I really confer an obligation; for I raise him into temporary equality with those whom he considers his superiors. I let him taste one of the pleasures of friendship. My frank acceptance of his little present, for the moment ennobles him to himself—by proving, that poverty has not cut him off from his elder brethren the rich. I have seen many a peasant walk more erect after some trivial courtesy of this nature, some chance eating of his bread, or drinking of his cup."

"Then why not extend your doctrine to the courtesies of the rich?"

"Ay, to their courtesies, and welcome, Louisa, because those I can return, but not to their presents, unless the sacred and delicate bonds of friendship also unite us; and even then—well, love, it is my weakness, and I own it. Perhaps what I call independence is ungenerous pride disguised."

"My dear John, how came you ever to accept the exhibition from the —— Grammar School, for Cecil?"

"Because that was a public reward which he obtained by his own merits; because it was a public institution for a publicly avowed charitable purpose; involving, on the part of those receiving the benefit, no personal or private, no real or fancied compromise of feeling; besides, if in the person of my boy another Christian minister and scholar is added to the church, he will eventually more than repay the obligation."

"But good Mrs. Carhampton, with her grapes and her guinea-fowls, never dreams of obligation; and do you not repay her fifty fold by your notice of Julia? By the way, love, I wish we could contrive to have her here oftener. She is a fine creature! She always reminds me of that sentence in Bates, 'The affections,' and I should think it must be true of the mental powers also, 'are not like poisonous plants to be eradicated, but like wild, to be cultivated.' Let us try to give the dear girl some of the advantages which even wealth will not purchase. When Cecil is at

home you could, perhaps, without inconvenience, give up some time to read with them."

"Very well, love, so be it; but now send back the messenger; and say in your note, that I unite in your acknowledgments."

CHAPTER IV.

Intimate delights,
Fire-side enjoyments, home-born happiness.
COWPER.

THE Percies, like all those who are unsophisticated in their habits, exclusive in their attachments, and who live in retirement, had a store of delight in expecting a beloved friend to arrive off a journey, after a considerable absence. This must be done, and the other must be seen to; the matron and mother fidgeted about from the attic downwards, smoothing the wrinkles off the smooth expanse of counterpanes, setting chairs at the precise angle of precision, opening and shutting drawers, either to see that they contained nothing or that their contents were in order; wiped, for the twentieth time, the china faces of little china dogs on the chimney-piece, dusted books perfectly free from dust, bade the canary rejoice over a fresh lump of sugar, and frequently stepped aside to give directions to the maid and boy. The boys were unusually troublesome in asking questions, and at last worked down their activity out of doors, raking away the dead leaves, sweeping the garden walks with the

vigilance of reformers; and, finally, cooled the fever into which their zeal had thrown them, by swinging on a gate, to watch for the appearance of a coach. And when the vehicle really approached, and by blast of horn, summoned all the household gifted with the sense of hearing, who careless of fashion and strangers, rushed forth to offer service and welcome—what a meeting!—what greetings!—every hand carrying some portion of the stranger's luggage, and one or two right willing to carry the stranger himself. Then, the *entrée* being accomplished, what peals of salutation, —"How you *are* grown!" "How well you *do* look!" The kisses descended in showers, and not inaudibly; they were pelting showers. Then the unrobing, occupying almost as many hands as the arming of an ancient knight. One dragged off the incarcerating top-coat—another untied the silk handkerchief round the neck—two more stripped off the overalls, (an operative to each leg)—and finally the arrived steps forth —a tall, dark, gentlemanly youth; his address emphatically marked by grave, manly simplicity; a little reserve, or perhaps it is only quiet thought, in the general cast of the features; a deep-toned, but distinguishingly *kind* voice. Reader, allow me to present to you Mr. Cecil Percy, just returned from his first term at ——— College, Oxford; the very reverse of a dashing youth; but one whom dashing youths find it better to avoid than to insult. He has no genius, but a thoroughly cultivated taste and understanding; he is warmly affectionate in his feelings, though wholly

clear of impassioned or imaginative sensibility; has an inborn sentiment of reverence for the female character, but, as he has never been in love, he is less tender than respectful in his attentions to women. In short, reader, Cecil Percy is just the kind of young man you might (if a young lady) covet as a brother, be very happy with as a husband, though I do not feel quite certain that he will do for you as a lover. "Of course not; he is intended for Miss Osborne." There it is—I knew that would be said! Of all the traits of character attributed to the world, the most distinctive is (in my opinion) that which would call it a world of inferences. If two persons, one a lady, the other a gentleman, but not therefore of necessity hero and heroine, are introduced to each other in domestic life, instantly comes an inference—they must marry. If a young lady, without the excuse of fever or consumption, looks pale and loses her appetite, instantly comes an inference—she is in love. If a gentleman chooses to break up his establishment, and travel unattended for a few years, instantly another inference —he has lost his fortune. If a gentlewoman, weary of having spent some twenty years on the treadmill of fashion, chances to reflect on the subject, and then to retire, inference—she has lost her senses. But to return to the course of this most simple history:—Mrs. Carhampton fulfilled her predictions, and took a very warm, grandmotherly kind of interest in the young collegian: had he been a child, she would have shown him her affection by a liberal impartation of sweet-

meats; as a young man, she gave tea parties, (much less stupid, by the way, than tea parties in the country generally are,) planned excursions, instigated pic nics, and other bons bons of a more mature order. Cecil, as duty and inclination prompted, was grateful to his friends for their notice, for he was ignorant of the coxcombry, which receives attention as a right, and pays it back as a favor; he was sincerely obliged, but he none the less inwardly disliked the rural dissipation that ensued upon his arrival at home. To be the nucleus of a circle may gratify a vain, which must ever, in some degree, be a vulgar mind also; but it is martyrdom to one refined with the refinement of thought and feeling. Added to this, Cecil was marvellously deficient in that style of conversation which, if coined, would be current under the name of silver farthings. That he could not utter brilliant nonsense, his biographer must admit as a fault; that he would not talk stupid nonsense, when he found that many with whom he associated had no interest in sense, must likewise be admitted as a redeeming trait. With more of Will Honeycomb and less of the Spectator in him, he would have poured forth orations on Oxford, illustrating the florid Gothic in words; mingling descriptions of moonlight cloisters, rowing matches, examinations, grave fellows, and fellows never grave, till his auditors would have considered him a most charming clever creature. But Oxford and its appendages he seldom alluded to; and if he had any personal histories of "hair-breadth escapes," or "perils" in

learning's "imminent deadly breach," no gentle Desdemona was ever tempted "to pity them." His hopes, fears, and prospects were for his father's ear, his mother's bosom; his time and talents he wanted for study; in converse and recreation he sought communion of mind. By the time six weeks had elapsed, Cecil Percy's popularity was on the wane, except with the discriminating few, who could do justice to his studious ardor, and indifference to common-place pleasures. Mr. Mortimer was one of these few, and so was Mrs. Carhampton, but not for the same reason. She could appreciate his respectful manners to herself, his gentleness at home, his freedom from foppery every where.

"He will wear well," said the old lady, speaking of character as if it had been her last-bought lutestring gown, "not showy, but with some substance in it; will stand a tug, and bear examination; he will wear well, I say."

"He never gave me an hour's sorrow," said his gentle mother, her eyes, that pain of another kind had somewhat dimmed, shining with tearful light, "he never gave me an hour's sorrow, but he has imparted many of deep and tranquil joy."

"He is young, and youth is untried," said his father, with a slight quivering of the nether lip; "but in as far as it is lawful so to speak, I have confidence in him."

"He has given us many a piece of advice, and helped us out of many a scrape; but he never was

cross with us in his life," said his three younger brothers.

Cecil Percy is not brought forward as a hero; therefore I cannot endow him with a more chivalrous estate of qualities. The lovers of sense, principle, and reality, will perhaps be kind enough to like him as he is. He could, however, play on the flute, and he had a head of luxuriant, clustering, black hair. I mention these trifles to save him from the utter detestation of those who admire the Corsair style of excellence.

CHAPTER V.

As far as human soul may be let loose
From impositions of necessity,—
Forgetting oft, in self-willed fancy's flight,
All human ties that would enchain her dreams
Down to a homelier bliss; and loving more
The dim aerial shadow of this life,
Even than the substance of the life itself.

PROFESSOR WILSON.

MR. PERCY the elder, had from his first acquaintance, been aware that extraordinary powers, at once of intellect and passion, were germinating in the mind of Julia. He knew also, that unless supplied with fitting nutriment, they would, inevitably, either destroy themselves or form the lasting misery of their possessor. To the mental faculties, as to the affections, he knew it equally vain to say, "Be still," and that reason's first and simplest dictate is to find them appropriate and full occupation. He also thought that, if in their wild state the passions must be considered the pagans of the soul, it was yet quite possible to baptize them into Christianity. Mr. Percy was a wise as well as good man, and had determined, even before his wife's suggestion, to give as much conversational instruction to Julia as might be practicable, and to en-

courage, for that purpose, her visits to the Parsonage. Had his young friend been his own daughter, he would in a private sphere, and with the modifications rendered necessary by her sex, have given her the education of a boy. Late as it was, and under all disadvantages, he thought it advisable to imbue her mind, in some measure, with classical knowledge, at once to give a definite object of pursuit, and by an acquaintance with the (intellectually) faultless models of antiquity, strengthen the understanding, and induce distrust of its own perfections. During the college vacation, Mr. Percy gave up much time to reading with his son, and as Julia was nearly a daily visitor, she came by little and little to be regarded as a sort of pupil, whom in one way or other, all the family were anxious to assist. Even the younger boys admired the rapidity with which she apprehended, and the perseverance with which she pursued knowledge; and this, joined to her more than equivocal partiality for their sports, made them pay her the great compliment of wishing she had been a boy. But, with all the contingent helps received from the Rectory, Julia's most efficient friend was her own energy, exerted by herself. All things instructed her; all books, "all seasons and their change," for she had their true interpreter within —Genius.

> "Therefore, every day bequeathed
> New treasures to augment the unhoarded store
> Of golden thoughts, and fancies squandered free
> As dew-drops by the morn, yet never missed
> By the innocent prodigal."

And night—what enthusiast loves not night when the day has died in oriental pomp, and entire blackness, or a "grave splendor" succeeds on the face of heaven?—and contemplation, and the power of dreams, and those half-waking visions which are less "slumber than Paradise;"—they are more to a young and poetical enthusiast than the whole of his daily existence, though that may be distinguished by the gleams and visitings of imagination and joy. Dreams are the mythology of poetry—admired, not believed; and night is the soul's canopy of state; then we feel; then we are; then, shut out from the world, the world passes in review before us, and the high heavens themselves seem less unattainable. There seems then more than mystery in the stars; they shine upon us, memorial lights of the world's past history; we question them, and of their silence frame happy oracles for the future. But this can only be in buoyant, gifted, enthusiastic youth. When passion and sorrow have traced their fiery writing on the soul, we love the stars no longer. They are like the eyes of a lovely stranger, beauteous but cold; mute mockers of our spirits and their woes. In youth, we tell our aspirations to the stars, our happiness and our hopes; afterwards we wander, and whisper our sorrows to the earth, for not only is she our mother, but our companion also, and our fellow-sufferer. This season had not arrived to Julia, and to her night was precious. At once from a sense of duty and from self-interest, she thwarted her worthy relative very little in the day-

time, either by reading, or the manifestation of her spirit's mysteries. The temperament of genius is even morbidly susceptible to ridicule ; and the more vividly Julia felt that her mind was growing in daily dissimilarity to nearly all the minds around her, the more carefully did she conceal the fact from those who would have considered her superiority a personal affront. Therefore, night and the first hours of morning were precious to her. From her friends at the Rectory and the Lodge she could obtain books ; but it was not only to read, but to think, and feel, and dream, that she loved her hours of retirement. There was a pride and a luxury in the studious solitude she thus created for herself, and a sense of separation from others that gave no pain ; the din of day was over or not begun ; life was not full of vulgar cares, poor pleasures, or toilsome business, but an existence steeped in the light of rising and setting suns. "I would not be an angel," thought the young enthusiast, in one of the many reveries that often closed these midnight vigils—her head sometimes pillowed on the volume that she had been reading, her untrimmed lamp burning to waste beside her, or if the night was only partially dark, extinguished, that nothing might disturb the dusky serenity around her—"I would not be an angel for the sake of being exempt from pain, but for the sake of gaining immortal knowledge, for the sake of feeding to the very full on the fruit of that tree not now forbidden. O that the illustrious dead, might from the grave, speak to my spirit, make me

the pupil of their ashes, and let me learn from their history how to tread the path that leads to fame! O that the spirit and presence of the past could breathe into me the breath of etherial and heroic life!—the spirit and presence of nature kindle within me its own boundless, glorious energy, its own grandeur of beneficence—its own silent triumph over all that can injure and debase!

Fame! what energy dwells in that one word—what power to kindle and exalt! I feel the hope of it, even now, the spirit of my spirit, the breath of my being, the life-blood of my life. I long for it, nay, as if it were a divinity—I pay it an idolatry—I feel that for it I could surrender ease, health, happiness, friends, fortune, keep long vigils through many years, and wait for its appearing as the watchman for the morning light. O Fame! let me not pass away unknown, a hidden rill in the world's mighty forest; lay me in the grave, if so be thou wilt, then build over me a monument—only come!"

CHAPTER VI.

> We talked with open heart and tongue,
> Affectionate and true.
>
> WORDSWORTH.

It has been said, that "noiseless falls the foot of Time that only treads on flowers," as though it were pleasure alone that renders us unconscious of his speed; but it makes, in fact, little difference whether his path be rough or smooth. His foot falls just as "noiseless" when treading on thorns as on flowers, and we are as much surprised at his speed when we have only common-place events to remember, as when the days, and months, and years, have embodied much of chance and change. In the last chapter, Julia was in her sixteenth year, a frequent pupil-guest at the Parsonage; Cecil was at home for his first college vacation; and Annette, though unmentioned, was very well, very pretty, and as externally giddy, as any one desirous of a pet and plague in one and the same person, could reasonably desire. The chapter at present commencing has to record some material changes in the position and characters of the individuals alluded to. Cecil has left the university, and is

now on the eve of departing to fulfil another engagement; Julia has continued to be a constant visitant and favorite of the Rectory, more constant and most a favorite, perhaps, during the college vacations; for Cecil's return always diffused additional good humor and happiness in his own family. Our enthusiast has made the progress that might have been anticipated; Mrs. Carhampton has long since been aware of her grand-daughter's pursuits, and is now tolerably resigned to the affliction of genius. Within the last twelve months she has observed a gradual change come over Julia, softening her manners, imparting new courtesy to her words, and something a little like pensiveness to her voice and air—so that the old lady, without understanding why, or without admitting that it was necessary, feels the change an improvement. She still declares that Cecil "will wear well." At the Lodge we will leave things to explain themselves. It is a lovely evening early in June, and Mr. Mortimer is standing in the verandah, apparently waiting for some one who is to be the companion of his evening walk. Tired at last of his own patience, he calls out rather loudly "Annette, Annette! what *are* you doing?"

"O poor, patient papa!" responds a laughing voice from an open upper window, where, through clustering clematis and rose, the speaker is discovered tying on a straw hat which makes her look like a blonde gipsy.

"Do make haste, my love, the sun will be gone down before we return."

"In one little minute, papa;" and after the lapse of not more than five, the sylph-like Annette skipped down stairs to the verandah, claimed a compliment for her punctuality, and the party commenced their stroll.

The scenery, through which their path lay, would have attracted the eye of a mere stranger; not from its presenting grand or even romantic views, for Hemdon was situated in a flat country, but from its being a style of scenery peculiar to England. The far-spreading landscape was occasionally diversified by green and gentle acclivities, that varied without destroying its even aspect;—knolls crowned or covered with stately forest trees; meadows speckled over with sheep and cattle, and divided from each other by nature's own boundaries, high, thick, hawthorn hedges; here and there a gentleman's seat, with its hereditary oaks, nature's genealogists; comfortable farm-houses, with their gardens, barns, orchards, and groups of well-built corn or hay stacks, perfect models of domestic plenty and hearty enjoyment; the grey hamlet peeping forth from embosoming trees, and disclosing on a nearer view, bright windowed cottages, each

> With its own dear brook,
> Its own small pasture, almost its own sky.

Every step evidenced the presence of man—his peaceful industry, his plentiful reward; and from many a little eminence the eye might wander over a sea (if the expression may be permitted) of corn fields, meadows, orchards, and groves, and encounter no

obstruction to its vision, till checked by the bright blue verge of the horizon, where at near or distant intervals rose town or village churches.

Our pedestrians, however, being neither strangers nor travellers, wound along through "hedge-row elms and alleys green," without paying much heed to the landscape beauties we have enumerated, nor, in truth, have we so much to do with them as with the dialogue that beguiled the way to the Rectory.

"I am sure," said Annette, "I, for one, but perhaps I am the only one, rejoice that he is going away; and I hope the honorable Mr. Stapleton will like him so well in his threefold character of companion, nurse, and governor, that he will ramble about the world for the next ten years."

"Why so, ma belle?"

"O, because I am vexed."

"With whom, and why?"

"With Julia—with Cecil—with Mr. Percy—with Mrs. Percy—and with old Mrs. Carhampton."

"A very tolerable list! had not you better add me to the number?"

"Ah! you may laugh at me, papa; but I am very much hurt indeed; very angry, very jealous; here, by little and little, Julia has taken such a fancy to that tiresome old Rectory, and those abominable classics, and this odious German, that I have none of her company in comparison with what I used to have; and so I am very glad indeed that one of her preceptors is going away to-morrow, and I shall say

farewell with more pleasure than ever I said, How d'ye do."

Mr. Mortimer paused, wondering, parent-like, whether his fair daughter's petted words contained more meaning than met the ear—"If you love Julia," said he, "why cannot you let her be happy in her own way?—depend upon it, my dear, our generosity, in this particular, is always repaid to us; she loves you still, does she not?"

"O yes, I am sure of that: but, papa, if people's own way does not make them happy?"

"But how would you decide whether a person was happy or not?"

"By looking at them; could any one fancy *me* unhappy? Now I don't think—but perhaps I have no business to think—I don't think, however, that Julia is near so happy as she used to be before all this visiting and preceptoring, and these odious college vacations commenced; I don't think they have done her any good."

"You speak and look very like a philosopher," said Mr. Mortimer laughing; "now it has struck me that Julia has improved especially in the last few months; there has been more softness about her, less decision and impetuosity. She is really a charming girl now."

"Not half so charming to my fancy as she used to be, papa. Now it is that very, very, softness, or as I should say, abstraction, that makes me fancy her less my friend; but perhaps I don't know what I mean."

"And perhaps it is less necessary now that you should know," replied Mr. Mortimer, as they turned up a green lane that brought them within a few moments' walk of Mr. Percy's garden gate.

"Preceptoring to the last!" exclaimed Annette, in a half-playful, half-petted manner, when she discovered the occupation of the party at the Rectory.

Mrs. Carhampton was seated at the parlor window, which was open, enlarging as it appeared on the superlative merits of some person or thing, for her look and the very movement of her hand seemed laudatory. Mrs. Percy was seated beside her, "listening quietly" like the poet's "star upon the mountain top." In front of the house was a small lawn, in the centre of which stood a magnificent tree of pink hawthorn. No other tree or shrub diversified the dry smooth-shaven surface of the turf, nor indeed any flowers except those which grow every where without permission, the peasantry of flowers, daisies. On a rustic bench, beneath this hawthorn which glowed gorgeously in the setting sun, sat Julia and Cecil, in earnest conversation; some books lay on the bench and at their feet. Mr. Percy was sauntering up and down the garden, occasionally stopping to address the ladies in the parlor.

"Preceptoring to the last!" cried Annette again, as she approached yet nearer to the party. "It looks much more like something else," thought Mr. Mortimer.

There it is—inferences again!

CHAPTER VII.

> And ye are here! and ye are here!
> Drinking the dew like wine,
> 'Midst living gales and waters clear,
> And heaven's unstinted shine.
>
> THE HOWITTS' POEMS.

"PUT on your bonnet, Julia; you needn't mind putting on your silk hat, as it is only a friendly call; put on your Leghorn trimmed with the same; tie a veil on as well, my dear, and we will just step over to the Rectory; it will be but kind to say farewell, once again. I suppose Cecil will start by the earliest coach to-morrow morning; and Julia, my dear, bring down that new red morocco pocket-book that you will find in the drawer where I keep my caps and other odd matters. Ah, poor youth, I would put something in it if I was not afraid of affronting his father; a ten or a twenty pound note would have been a pretty surprise when he was got nobody knows where, in foreign parts. Dear me! what can make people so fond of turning wandering Jews, I wonder! In my time—well, indeed, love, you have been very quick, that I must say." Julia had left the room in the middle of the

oration, and now returned in the Leghorn bonnet as desired, and bringing in her hand the new red morocco pocket-book designed by the old lady as a keepsake for the young traveller. They set forth on their walk, in the course of which, Julia being unusually silent, Mrs. Carhampton improved the time with many words. "Ah, dear me, poor dear Cecil! well, it might be a son of my own going away; how strange that one should take such a fancy to other people's children; but he is a sweet youth. Well, I am glad his father and mother are not going; and it is a fine thing, certainly, for a young man to see the world, and particularly when he sees it at no expense; for, of course, the honorable Mr. Stapleton will be purse-bearer. You don't happen to know, do you, July, my dear—that is, you never happened to ask, did you, what Cecil is to have besides his travelling expenses?"

"My dear grandmother, do you think I should take such a vulgar liberty?"

"Ah, well, to be sure! the question will come better from me; something handsome, I don't doubt, and perhaps a living when he comes home, who knows! Well, I am sure I hope he may, with all my heart; for he will preach beautiful sermons, just like his father—true orthodox gospel; but I wish he were not going after all, or not for so long—two, perhaps three years. I'm sure you'll miss him, Julia, so kind as he has been to you, just like a brother."

"Why should *I* miss him, grandmamma? To be sure I shall not be quite so industrious in one way,

but then you will benefit by my idleness. I should not wonder if I finish sprigging your book muslin apron now, so that I am really very glad he is going."

"Well, now, only think how odd that is! But I am greatly obliged to you, my dear, for mentioning my sprigged muslin apron. I'm sure you will do the oak-leaf border most sweetly; but to think, I say, that you should say you are glad he is going away; now, really, if it were not my Julia, I should call that downright ungrateful."

"I hope *you* will never have cause to think me ungrateful, grandmamma."

"I think you so! O, my precious, what a thought! when you are the staff of my age—the gold-headed staff, as Dr. Simpson so prettily said, and when—if it were not for those books—"

"Well, but I really will finish sprigging the apron directly; and you know I have quite turned off the clas—the Latin books, I mean—your antipathies, as you used to call them."

"Ah, but then I saw some fresh ones come in today, and—oh, dear me! I just peeped into one, and it was worse and worse—the most unknown tongue I *ever* saw; I could not even make out the letters."

"It was German you looked at," said Julia, smiling; "you ought to like it better, for I can find you many descriptions of household affairs even in the poets."

"Very sensible people indeed; but you know, love, I have said you shall do just as you like now; turn the house out of the windows, if you please, so that

you will not marry—not whilst I live; you know, my dear, your mother married, and I have never been able to abide marriage since."

"Take comfort from the past, as well as pain, grandmamma, you know I have not hitherto shown any disposition to marry and leave you."

"No, my precious, and certainly your way of saying, 'No, thank you,' to Dr. Simpson's eldest son, and to ——"

"I see our friends are in the garden," interrupted Julia. "What a beautiful evening, and how well that dear old hawthorn looks! I will step forward and open the gate, grandmamma."

We pass over, as unimportant, the entrance, greetings, and general remarks which ensued; but, as in the course of half an hour the party took up the positions mentioned in the last chapter, we will take the liberty of listening to the conversation under the hawthorn-tree.

"Julia, I should like to know how you go on; will you add a postscript to my mother's letters sometimes, or send a message?"

"Certainly, if you wish it."

"And be sure tell me, Julia, if there is anything I can do, or purchase for you, in any of the Italian cities; he who cannot be a fascinating companion must be content to be a useful friend."

"I wish you would not use that style of expression, it is so humble."

"If it were analysed, I fear it would be found to

embody more pride than humility, inasmuch as I value utility much more highly than you do."

"How can you be so metaphysical, when you are going to leave us all to-morrow, and for so long?"

"Here is a proof that I am metaphysical," replied Cecil, breaking off a branch of the overhanging hawthorn, "this will travel with me in my new red morocco pocket-book (Mrs. Carhampton had presented her souvenir), in a few days it will be withered, but at the end of years it will be to my heart what now it is to my eye, a blooming memorial of home, and home friends."

"I wish *I* loved home, and had the strong domestic feelings that you have. I wish I had no future—no dreams, no romance, or rather, I wish romance were reality."

"My dear, charming friend, reality continually possesses romance; affection is a reality, home is a reality, nature is a reality—what need of dreams to fashion brighter?"

"Your mind is dreadfully healthy, Cecil."

"And till latterly, yours was just as delightfully so; Julia, you have changed your style of study, and it has done you no good: do throw those intense, dreamy, passionate Germans away."

"Treason!" replied Julia, "they have opened to me a new world, unlocked a new sphere of existence.

> 'They are like a city of the past,
> With its gorgeous halls into fragments cast,
> Amidst whose ruins there glide and play
> Familiar forms of the world's to-day.

Yes, they are like the dim sea caves,
A realm of treasures, a realm of graves;
And the shapes through their mysteries that come and go,
Are of beauty and terror, of power and wo.' "*

"Beautiful, but, nevertheless, not convincing. I remain of the same opinion still, that your having wholly, and all at once, plunged your spirit into an intellectual fountain of emotion, of which Goëthe and Schiller, Petrarch and de Staël, and Shelly, and a dozen others, are the presiding spirits, will be productive of more loss than gain."

"Treason reiterated!" exclaimed Julia.

† "'My soul is an enchanted boat,
Which, like a sleeping swan, doth float
Upon the silver waves of *their* sweet singing.
And each doth like an angel sit
Beside the helm conducting it,
Whilst all the winds with melody are ringing.
It seems to float, ever, for ever,
Upon that many-winding river,
Between mountains, woods, abysses,
A paradise of wildernesses!
* * * * *
And we sail on, away, afar,
Without a cloud, without a star,
But by the instinct of sweet music driven.'"

"Well," said Cecil, "since we are to have a euphuistic and poetical parting conversation, allow me to apostrophise you as the

Naiad-like lily of the vale,
Whom youth makes so fair and passion so pale,

---

* Mrs. Hemans's Land of Dreams.
† Shelley's Prometheus Unbound.

and inquire when your enchanted boat means to anchor ?"

"O—I do not know—sometime—never ; but is it not getting very cold ?—very late ?"

"Why, yes ; I believe the temperature of the air may be something more than seventy, and the hour about half-past seven ; it is both very late and very cold. Julia, you surely are not vexed, are you ? I am sure I did not mean to plague you, my pupil-friend, and at parting too. Ah, how often I used to wish that I had your facility of apprehension ; what an absolute thirst for knowledge, mere knowledge, you had when I first knew you—let me see, that was about four years ago—how you are changed since then !—developed, I should say. I wish, however, you were not so exclusively devoted to poetry as you are now ; I wish you would not turn off our old authors of the head, and pay your vows so entirely to these new ones of the heart and imagination."

"Have a care, preceptor mine !" said Julia, laughingly, "or I shall suspect that you abuse my present dynasty of favorites, chiefly because you cannot be

> 'Timotheus placed aloft
> Amidst the tuneful choir.'"

"Nay, for by playing pedagogue, I take a much higher character—Olympian Alexander himself."

"My good Cecil, I wish you would not cast such a grave, old-gentlemanly, discouraging glance upon my present tastes—you decry without knowing—"

"Reasoning, reasonable Julia, I know quite enough; I know that you are very kind—very agreeable,—but I wish you were not quite so—so—"

"Not quite so what?"

"Ah, never mind, am I not an impertinent? Let me go on and tell you what I know," and Cecil repeated, from the tender and elegant Drummond of Hawthornden, in a feeling, and yet somewhat monitory tone, the sonnet beginning—

"I know that all beneath the moon decays."

"Then," said Julia, as her companion ceased, "all your knowledge ends in nothingness;—but to leave these heroics for a plain question, a *home* question—are you leaving behind you any old pensioners who may miss you? Because I should be very glad—that is, grandmamma would be very glad to place them on her list."

"How very thoughtfully kind you are! (now Julia was, in general, about common affairs the most thoughtless person in the world) my father and mother have, however, made that request beforehand, and the boys insist on keeping Carlo, my four-footed friend. Ah! how many changes may transpire in the next few years! I dread to think of return, even more than departure—I *see* all love now, and can scarcely realize that to-morrow, at this time, I shall see them not; my father, my dear, delicate mother, how shall I find them?—and you, Julia, what and where will you be a few years hence?"

"You will find me Julia Osborne, wherever I am."

It was at this moment that the Mortimers entered the garden, and a reunion of the scattered party was the natural consequence. Some time was spent in the kindly chat, incident to leave-takings among friends, followed by affectionate farewells.

Cecil would have accompanied Julia and her relative home, but the latter had the true old fashioned feeling about "the last night" being sacred to "one's own relations," and they returned as they came, by themselves. "God bless you, my dear lad," said the old lady, lingering at the gate, and all but accompanying her benediction with a salute, "God bless you, my dear lad—be sure you don't get above us all, amongst the fine folks in those grand cities; and send me word (this was in a whisper) whether French silks are *really* worth smuggling; and, whatever you do (here her voice resumed its natural pitch), mind and keep a clear conscience, it will be meat and drink when you come to die."

"Farewell, Cecil," said Julia, and without expressing a single good wish, she put down her veil and turned away. By the time she reached home she had a violent head-ache, and retired immediately to her apartment.

CHAPTER VIII.

Shortly within her inmost pith there bred
A little wicked worm, perceived of none,
That on her sap and vital moisture fed.
SPENSER'S WORLD'S VANITY.

THE following memoranda of feelings and mental changes, unknown as yet to her nearest friend, are taken from Julia's desk; and embrace, altogether, a period of about eight months previous to the last conversation, and as many subsequent to it.

"How short time used to appear, and now how long! Ten years—how much may be seen in them, and yet, under some circumstances, what a blank they seem!

Why cannot I *despise* love as I did twelve months since? Fame and affection,—the desire of one and a presentiment of the other—have now a blent existence. I aspire as formerly, but a new motive is enkindled—there is a new light gathered over the old object; I am tired of the dry knowledge of facts, they have no lustre; formerly, I shrunk from the more passionate imaginings of poetry; long after the days of the apple

tree, I read Shakspeare more for his plots than his poetry—but latterly, a curtain has been, as it were, uplifted from the face of creation, and disclosed to me enchantment; and yet I want something more and more immaterial—I want communion of spirit. Annette is beautiful and loving, but she does not understand me; will there ever come a moment when my heart will find breath and utterance for its visions? O for a superior being ever near me, kindly, serenely superior, yet human; not so much stronger than myself, as wiser, better, gentler, graver; the idea that I may some time or other find such a being, and that such will be to me a dear and ever present friend, seems to give my soul wings; even the hope is a joy.

* * * * * * *

"I am changing still:—once the acquisition of fame seemed to me an end; now it appears a means. I desire it ardently as ever, but not quite for the same reason. All my wishes used to centre in myself; then it was to know, to be, to do, to win, for my own sake—a proud, self-sufficing spirit of gladness, that if it had less humility had less melancholy; but would I part with melancholy? No. Who calls melancholy sad? All lovely objects have their pensive aspect,—the sky, the moon, the forest,—why not the mind of man?

"All happiness
Worthy that holy name seems steeped in tears."

To look upon the sun when he sets, and remember how many heroes have died like him; to watch the

wind sweep across a meadow when the grass is long, and as it bends and whitens in the breeze, to be reminded, I know not why, of Ossian's "desolate halls of Balclutha;" in spirit to wander with the wanderers of old, weep with those who now weep no more, or long, with vain longings, to call up from the dust of ages those who have unconsciously stirred our sympathies or woke our admiration:—melancholy, that less resembles "darkness than daylight that has died"—that if it is twilight to the present, is dawn to the future, softening the gaudy glare of enjoyment yet leaving hope untouched: who calls melancholy sad? She is allied to happiness, not grief:

> "She dwells with beauty—beauty that must die,
> With joy whose hand is ever at his lips
> Bidding adieu:
> Yea, in the very temple of delight
> Veiled Melancholy has her sovran shrine."*

* * * * * * *

Cecil is come back from college, to return there no more, and we read and walk together as usual; certainly I feel my mind open more with him than with his father. Good old Mr. Percy has somewhat about him that I fancy might have belonged to a Roman centurion when converted to Christianity; but Cecil is so grave, and gentle, and kind, and serene!—yet he differs from me on many points; nay, he is so very different from myself that I cannot fancy him only a few years older. I talk and look up to him as if he were his father in softer mould. I wish I had a

* Keats.

brother just like him, only a little more imaginative, a little more impetuous, that I might feel rather less afraid of offending him, of meeting his calm, grave, beautiful smile, when I admire what is wild, or say anything silly.

* * * * * * *

How strange that I should have known Cecil so long, have been so long like a member of his own family, and only lately have begun to find out his character; or to speak the truth, do it justice! How I used to think myself his superior, because I could make more brilliant remarks on the books we read; but what refined taste he has; what unaffected feeling! It may be a foolish metaphor, but he always seems to me human moon-light; yet he will not like my German and present English favorites as I want him to do. They speak to my spirit, and they are silent to his. Why is this?

* * * * * * *

To-day two things have surprised me; I assisted Mrs. Percy in some household offices, and I did not, as usual, dislike them; how came this? Afterwards Cecil thanked me; they were simple words—"dear Julia, you are very good." Why were they such pleasant words? Praise is not new; am I getting vainer?

* * * * * * *

The longest and most stupid week of my life has the last been! Two dinner parties at home and abroad. No pleasure in reading in the day-time, and at night, cross without knowing why; tired of having been idle, tired of the house, tired of the garden,

tired of Annette, tired even of Mr. and Mrs. Percy. I hope Cecil has spent the week more pleasantly with his friends at M——.

* * * * * * *

Going abroad—for one, two, or perhaps three years! Cecil going abroad!

* * * * * * *

And is it come to this! And do I at last know myself; and is the veil fallen from me as well as nature? And have I during the last six months been silently changing into a woman? And will the bright buoyancy that was mine so lately be never mine again? Have I exchanged the wandering eye for the fixed; the power of giving, to *one* at least, a frank, cordial, careless greeting, for a welcome made up of blushes and broken words;—fears of what I know not, for joy in what I knew? It is so: but what then? Have I done more than exchange childish for deeper happiness? Do I not now feel the stature of my mind growing every hour, and ought I not to love the influence that gives it growth?

* * * * * * *

Melancholy is not, I find, always happiness; but it is strength. He is gone, quite gone. We sat beneath the hawthorn tree, and conversed as of old; yet for once he seemed—even he, the gentle—unaccordant with my mood, yet he was kind—could *he* be otherwise? And he is gone, and I said but farewell? why is the tongue so silent when the heart is a wine-press of feeling? Why did I not say more?

* * * * * * *

There is a pent-up whirlwind in my spirit; the purposes and aspirings of my youth, once so vague and desultory, assume a fixed, determinate form. My books are again a passion; solitude again teems with a heaven of realized visions—it is no desert, but an angel-peopled paradise, and my mind is a spiritual world filled with a race of thoughts stronger and fairer than those that ruled of old. My heart is full of fire that lights, but does not burn. I behold in it—

> "The steady shining of a large clear star."

I hear in it—

> "The small, clear, silver lute of the young spirit
> That sits on the morning star."

What is it that incites me to the pursuit—which now hallows the pursuit of distinction? Two, perhaps three years, will he be absent? *But* two, or perhaps three years? What a long, long, weary time the prospect appeared when I first heard that period named; but now my mind seems to have girt on its golden armor, and the cry that all things utter is "Onwards—on!" Day and night are now molten into one, by the burning omnipotence of purpose; day is for thought, and night for the pouring forth of that thought; and hope shines over and sanctifies all.

Who knows but by the time he who helped to unfold my mind, returns, many voices may have made my name musical with praise!

* * * * * * *

What a new and strange impression I have of the

beautiful! What a longing after it, in every mode and form, from external elegance of life, to the refinements and perfections of art; all things and people that surround me seem of late grown coarser; even the scenery has a plebian aspect; those meadows, with their osier beds; those uplands, that, without the redeeming grandeur of mountains, suggest to me ideas of imprisonment—they shut out the world, the beautiful world beyond, the breathing world of society where mind is king. I cannot content myself with books; I pine for living intercourse with the great, the gay, and the gifted, for access at will to what is various and splendid. Oh, this dull, dreary, and most virtuous domestic life!—these insipid green fields with their singing birds and running brooks!—this culinary country, with its growing of turnips for the feeding of sheep!—how deeply, if secretly, am I learning to detest them! But it is an advantage: it supplies yet another motive for exertion. Should I write so well—(that is a bold expression), should I write so much, so sedulously; should I gather up every moment of time so resolutely, were it not for the burning hope of self-emancipation? In two, perhaps three years, I may be placed in a more brilliant sphere—placed there by my own mental efforts! How earnestly do I labor towards that point; whilst a voice within me whispers—"Not in vain!"

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CHAPTER IX.

So many are
The sufferings that no human aid can reach,
It needs must be a duty doubly sweet
To heal the few we can.

COLERIDGE'S ZAPOLYA.

"THEN, upon the whole, gentlemen, you did not regret your impromptu journey into the Steinthal?" The inquirer was a repectable German merchant, seated opposite to two English travellers, in the public room of an hotel at Strasbourg.

"In the whole course of my absence from England (and that is now nearly two years), I have enjoyed nothing so much. Italian paintings—Parisian glitter—Netherland pulpits—"

"My dear fellow, do hold your tongue," interrupted the other traveller, a delicate looking youth under twenty, who joined to an air of greater fashion than marked his companion, an evident love of banter—"do hold your tongue, I say; the admiration of picturesque utility has driven you stark mad."

"For shame, Stapleton! Did not you say—"

"Did not I say what I say now, that M. Oberlin* is a most wonderful old gentleman, quite the apostle of the mountains; that he rules over the poorest and most polite people in Europe; and that their brown bread and wild-cherry wine are perfectly detestable."

"Stapleton, how can you, for shame? Why you praised the very piquette you now call detestable."

"Do be patient, governor Cecil. M. de Lezay," continued the speaker, addressing the German, "I shall always feel obliged to you for having suggested the *dètour* and *séjour* in question. The five Steinthal villages are the five jewels of Alsace; such industry; such order; such romantic primitiveness from the pastor downwards! But my good friend, an invalid Englishman cannot live on philanthropy and pottage; and I pledge my honor, I got nothing else there."

"Then may I beg," said a Frenchman, who sat a little lower down the table, "may I beg to know what makes your companion so enthusiastic on the subject?"

"I will tell you myself," replied the traveller, who really some years older than his charge, seemed, from his grave and gentle manners, yet older than he was; "it was beholding how much real palpable *benefit* may be conferred by the energies of one mind. Why they tell me that there was formerly no communication between the villages for want of roads; no cultivation; no bridge across the Bruche, but stepping stones; not

* See the interesting Memoirs of this remarkable man, recently published.

above eighty families where now there are eight hundred ; no education—"

" No education, indeed ; but Percy, let me tell that excellent joke. No education, as my friend says, could there be ; for when the nominal schoolmaster was asked what he taught the children, he candidly replied, ' Nothing !' And when the reason was inquired, he gave as a very sufficient reason, that he knew nothing himself. ' Why then were you instituted schoolmaster ?' was the next and very natural question. Now only think of the answer ;—' Why, Sir,' said he, ' I had been taking care of the Waldbach pigs for a great number of years ; and when I got too old and infirm for that employment, they sent me here to take care of the children !' "

" And that anecdote is true ?"

" True to a tittle."

" But that was before M. Oberlin accepted the care of the Ban de la Roche," suggested the German merchant ; " the Rocheois children are almost too well educated now ; botany, geography, flower-painting, music, and even composition, form part of their studies."

" But they are still quite primitive in their habits, and ten times more industrious than they used to be ; therefore I cannot call them *over* educated," said the graver traveller ; " cultivation of mind has not made them discontented with the poverty, to which, with all their industry, their sterile soil dooms them."

" I never could have conceived," said the gayer

Englishman, "that so much politeness could have existed on potatoes and milk and water; and in their politeness there was no—" the speaker caught the eye of the Frenchman, and stopped.

"No grace, I suppose you mean," said that personage.

Now the Englishman really meant no *grimace*, but he had the good breeding to be silent.

"Their politeness results from their pastor's example," said the German. "You would observe that he never passed a peasant without saluting him, or a child without some mark of notice."

"Bowed to our postilion as if he had been a duke," said Stapleton.

"But I incline," said our friend Cecil, "to think the peculiar courtesy of the peasants derived, like their disinterestedness, from the principles he has inculcated; they *were*, I understand, half savages."

"Were destitute of agricultural implements," said the German; "spoke a rude patois, only intelligible to themselves—"

"Subsisted, at one time, chiefly on wild apples and pears," said Stapleton.

"M. Oberlin has, undoubtedly, great genius," said the Frenchman, with a shrug that at once implied a compliment and weariness of the subject.

"M. Oberlin has the genius of goodness, which is much better," said Cecil, turning to his German acquaintance. "Do you know, what with the scenery and the religious service, I absolutely felt, for the first

time, at *home* on Sunday. We went with him from Waldbach to Belmont."

"Don't be angry with me," said Stapleton, laughing; but when the *cher papa* took the lead in his ministerial attire, a large beaver and flowing wig, mounted on a veritable cart horse, followed by a bourgeois, carrying his books, &c. in a leathern bag, I really could not help—"

"Admiring, I hope, the spirit that makes each bourgeois think it such an honor to fetch and entertain his pastor when it comes to his turn."

"O yes, certainly; but I thought also of John Gilpin—"

"You are an incorrigible fellow, Marmaduke, and take as much pains to seem foolish, as others do to appear wise."

"I cry you mercy, good governor; but I did admire your three female favorites—the illustrious three, as you called them—though they wore long woollen jackets and black cotton caps."

"Ha!—has Monsieur taste in beauty?" asked the Frenchman, with a particularly disagreeable smile.

"Monsieur has a taste for the beauty of excellence," replied Cecil, with a manner equally meaning; "and I say that women, who in obscurity, in deep poverty, and entire simplicity, merely from the abounding spirit of charity, have been mothers and sisters to one family of orphans after another—laboring for their support—denying themselves necessaries—and, besides this, teaching and visiting the old, the sick, and the igno-

rant—living but to exemplify the 'Man of Ross' on a more confined scale—I do say that such women, though peasants, deserve the title of illustrious, and will have it, when 'Time has closed the hundred mouths of Fame.'"

"Well, now, that is what I call grand," said Stapleton, rising; "but I shall take a stroll towards the Contadin, and see at the post-office whether any letters are arrived. By the time I get back surely you will be tired of the Steinthal; at least I hope so; shall I ask for your letters, too? Do you expect any?"

"Yes, indeed; and I shall be very uneasy if there are none. I have not heard from *home* for some months."

Left to themselves, by the departure of Stapleton and the Frenchman, Cecil Percy continued to dilate on the character of the interesting and extraordinary man who had already engrossed so much of the conversation. He was aware of the energy that had marked his legislation, for such it might correctly be termed; how, after preaching fervently to his flock on the Sabbath, on the Monday he might be seen at the head of some two hundred, with a pick-axe on his shoulder, leading them to labor at the improvements he had himself planned—blasting rocks, levelling roads, building bridges, planting orchards, or fertilizing fields. But Cecil was not aware, that with all this energy, physical, intellectual, and religious, there mingled a degree of *sentiment* that would have enervated many minds, have made their possessors poetic enthusiasts

and nothing more. "Nothing," said the German merchant, "seems too great or too little for him to do for the good of his dear Rocheois—from cutting out their gloves to diverting the mountain torrents that used to inundate their meadows. The *cher papa*, which you know is the only name he goes by, plans even for their posterity; but amidst his ceaseless labors, one desire is present with him—a desire to die; and when he lost his wife, for a long time he devoted whole hours to holding communion with her—(à se rapprocher d'elle.) In his marriage prayer, this touching petition occurs: 'Accorde que nous ne soyons pas long-temps séparés l'un de l'autre, mais que la mort a l'un suive de près, et de bien près celle de l'autre.' I could give you many anecdotes of a similar nature; but I perceive your friend returning, and I must make my adieus and depart."

"Plenty of news from merry England," said Stapleton, flinging down several letters. "My blessing be on government franks."

"From home, at last!" said Cecil, taking his share, in the contents of which he was presently absorbed.

"You look perplexed," said his companion, observing him after the perusal of the dispatches. "All well, I hope, at Hemdon?"

"Yes; but some letters, of a prior date to these, seem to have been lost, and I am left to puzzle my way through a village mystery as best I can."

"Is the mystery of love or death, or both?"

"Of neither; and yet it may be of the former, for

she may be married. The fact is simply this, and I do not know why I should feel so surprised :—a very charming girl, but still only a girl in years, who has never been fifty miles from home, who has had few advantages compared with what her fortune and talents entitled her to—"

"You mean your clever pupil, that I used to plague you about, Miss—Miss—what was her name ?"

"Julia—Julia Osborne—the very same :—well, these letters speak of her as my 'highly distinguished friend,' and contain the expression of strong fears as to the effect her brilliant *debût* in London may have on her mind."

"Very patriarchal indeed ; but let me see whether one of my letters may not solve the mystery : my father's—no, that is full of the corn-laws, state of the country, and parliamentary parish business of all kinds ; my mother's—no, nor that either, it is all about my health, fears and flannel-waistcoats, and hopes that you never let me have my own way when it is likely to involve cold-catching. God bless her, I wish she had a son as strong as a horse ! It is in my sister's—ah, here, read that half page written with true discriminating rapture !"

"I wish, dear Marmaduke, I had any opportunity of sending a parcel instead of a letter to Strasbourg, then I would enclose a volume, which to use a pet phrase, is now *quite the rage*. The author is a very young lady whom no one ever heard of before, she will have a large fortune, has lived in a village all her

life, and has blazed forth like a new-born comet, no one knows how or where; I am dying to see her. Mrs. Lawrence Hervey happened to be travelling in the neighborhood when the book came out; she immediately pounced upon the new author, (how like her, you will say,) persuaded the family (only a silly old grandmother, I believe) ——"

"Your sister would not speak so contemptuously of Julia's near relative, if she knew her real worth," said Cecil, looking off the letter.

"Not having a taste for grandmothers, I can't say," replied Stapleton.

Cecil resumed his perusal of the epistle: "persuaded the family (only a silly old grandmother, I believe) to allow the youthful genius to be introduced in society under her auspices; and the conclusion of the matter is, that she is now established for the season, at what you used to call Mrs. Lawrence Hervey's repository for lions. Her present favorite is one whose merits are too decidedly acknowledged by the public voice, to need *her* patronage, or even suffer by it. By next season she will have found another Phœnix, and the reigning one will be degraded into a daw. Meanwhile, she has plunged her rural *distinguée* into all the gaieties London affords. I am dying to see her, but as I am going to a party at the repository next Monday, and to-day is Friday, I shall not have to die long. Miss Osborne is but little above twenty-one, full of brilliant energy in conversation, and so unmannered, that a few select specimens of the *vielle*

cour lift up their hands, call her an enthusiast, and hope she will come to no harm. I should think, from what I hear, that she is a compound of Italian passion, English thought, and French vivacity."

"I have made up my fancy to fall in love with this Miss Osborne," said Stapleton, as he took back his sister's letter.

"Who is this Mrs. Lawrence Hervey?" inquired Cecil with some anxiety.

"A rich, silly woman, the relict of a rich, silly man."

"She cannot be a desirable chaperone for a gentle, gifted, skrinking girl."

"But if I have any skill in the physiognomy of character, and if my sister reports aright, I should conceive Miss Osborne to be a girl who will infinitely prefer being a chaperone to herself. Don't look cross now, or I'll not tell you a syllable more about Mrs. Lawrence Hervey; that is, supposing you wish to hear more."

"Indeed, I do, and I wish it seriously."

"Just as you wish every thing. Well then, she is a *lion-hunter*, and during the season is seldom without some world's wonder of an author, artist, or preacher, whom she burns incense to, and persecutes with an apotheosis."

"And what becomes of them afterwards?"

"O! she generally discovers that she has been beguiled into idol worship, and that her divinities are mere mortals. However, her present fever-fit seems

unusually strong, and whilst it lasts Miss Osborne will lead a very pleasant life ; for my lion-hunter lives in capital style, associates with the best people, and is the most devoted friend in the universe—till she is tired ; then——"

"Then what?"

"O nothing, only the matchless favorite is marched off into Bluebeard's blue room, and another and another still succeeds."

"I would Julia were in her blue room now!"

"Jealous! jealous! I declare!—out upon thee, white-faced Othello! What! would'st doom this paragon of wit and genius to the Steinthal and a long woolen jacket?"

"Rally away, Marmaduke, but don't fancy you comprehend either the case or my feelings."

"To a long woolen jacket in the Steinthal, or somewhat better still, to a brown stuff gown, and a basket of unmended stockings, in an English parsonage! Well, if you are going away in despair at my folly, good bye ; but what think you now of your fair Rocheois peasants, your illustrious three?"

"I think them illustrious still," replied Cecil, quietly, and left the handsome, teazing, spoiled youth to himself.

CHAPTER X.

For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities and a' that,
The pith o' sense and pride o' worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that.

BURNS.

LETTER FROM MRS. CARHAMPTON TO JULIA.

INDEED, my dear child, I can't say but I take your silence very unkind, seeing that I have only had four letters from you in three months. You know I am but a poor scribe, and as you have taken to writing for good and all, I hope it may turn out for good in the long run, both for this world and the next; I do think, my dear child, that you might write to me rather oftener. And another thing that I think, is, that you ought to be thinking of coming back; it does not look well for young people to be too long away from their own relations, who must, in the nature of things, care most about them; not but what I am sure Mrs. Lawrence Hervey is a most creditable acquaintance for you, and from your account of the number of servants she keeps, must live in a vastly genteel style; and very much obliged I feel for her kind notice of you,

and glad of the opportunity of your seeing the sights of London so nicely, and though you don't mention the lions in the Tower, nor Mrs. Salmon's wax work, nor the king, nor the whispering gallery at St. Paul's, I dare say you have been greatly delighted with them all, and it will be something for you to remember all your days; and I can't but mention another thing, that you might have told me rather more of what you saw, and not keep filling your letters with accounts of great balls and routs, and fine people's compliments, for I dare say none of them will ever come near me, and what the better am I for knowing their names? But be sure thank Mrs. Hervey for the silk cloak she bought me, and which I thought very dear and ugly, but you need not say anything about that, only that I am very much obliged. Be sure thank her too, for the two lobsters and the salmon, which all came to hand, and just in right time too, for I had invited several of the neighbors to dinner, Mr. Mortimer, and a Captain Egerton, who is staying in the neighborhood, and seems to be looking after Annette; and Mr. Percy, and for a wonder he came, which I thought a compliment, and a few others, and the present of fish came just in time, and made the dinner very handsome; there only wanted my Julia to make it just the thing. Salmon and lobster sauce, and white soup, and ducks and green peas, and a fore quarter of lamb, and fowl currie, and calf's-head hash, and sweet-bread patties, and a few other things, and a remove of sweets. Every body asked after you, and hoped you would

not forget your old friends; and Captain Egerton said, he heard you were greatly run after, and that every body spoke very handsome of you, which it rejoiced me to hear. All the newspapers and magazines that you sent came safe, and I have lent them about, as I suppose you wished; they certainly say very handsome things about you, and your book that you wrote and got printed without any of us knowing anything about it; but all is not gold that glitters, my dear child, and it does surprise me greatly that strange people should have found out so much in you that I have lived with you twenty years, and never found out; I dare say they are all very good people; but for all these fine things that they have said about you, I'm sure there's not one loves you so much as your poor old grandmother, that I am afraid will soon be dead and gone; for I have been very poorly of late, such pains in my head, and no appetite, and not able to sleep of nights, and a constant sinking at my stomach; but I never told you this before, for I did not want to spoil your pleasure; but I think now it is time you came home, and as Mary Martin is gone home ill, I have no one to wait on me that knows my ways, or how I like my gruel made. Mr. and Mrs. Percy, and Mr. Mortimer, and Annette, have all been very good, and send their love to you; but I think Mr. P. means to write himself, he said he should. They heard from Cecil not long since, and Mr. Stapleton is so much better in health, that they talk of coming home directly, and then Cecil will take priest's orders, and very

likely be his father's curate—for Mr. P. is not so strong as he was before his last winter's cough—till he gets a living. I hear Lady Allerton is full of his praises. Such a prince of a young man for kindness and discretion, and has such influence over Marmaduke, who is but a self-willed youth, from all I hear; so, of course, the family will get him a living, or something. I don't know that I have anything else to say, except my dear love, and to tell you how proud we shall all be to see you back again, and I shall get your bed aired directly, and have the garden done up, and the house cleaned, and every thing in order to receive you; and be sure tell all the lords and ladies who have noticed you so, how much obliged to them I am, and that I shall always be glad to see any of them when they come this way, for I have two spare beds, and a good, roomy coach-house that I never use, and a handsome five-stalled stable; and so farewell till we meet, prays your loving grandmother,

PENELOPE CARHAMPTON.

The above letter was accompanied by two more epistolary communications, one from Mr. Percy the elder, and the other from Annette Mortimer, urging on characteristic grounds Julia's immediate return to Hemdon.

The former mentioned his decided impression that the health of Mrs. Carhampton was breaking up, and with grave but affectionate solicitude, adverted to the probable disadvantages of so sudden a change of life

as the one which Julia had recently experienced. "I sympathise, my dear girl," wrote the excellent man, "I sympathise in the exultation you must naturally feel at having triumphed, and with circumstances of romance that will to you endear the triumph, over disadvantages that must have been insuperable to a mind of less power, and a character of less energy. I rejoice, too, at your personal access to some of the really great writers living at this time, whose friendship is silent fame, and by studying whom, your own mind will at once grow in humility and strength. Even your temporary dissipation, (that is an unpleasant word, but our language affords no other that will enable me to avoid it,) may, I conceive, be rendered innoxious, if not a positive advantage, as respects the acquisition of self-knowledge, and materials for reflection on modes of opinion and character in general. I can conceive all this, *if*, to speak in your own style, *you have not dissolved your pearl*—if you are not losing your relish for domestic life—if you are not filing away the individuality of your principles and character. But you must come home now, quite as much for your own sake as your grandmother's. Adulation is the opiate of life; often taken it is difficult to leave off. Notoriety is not distinction; praise is not fame; and one book does not make a reputation:—you have done wonders, but you have infinitely more to do yet. Come home, my dear girl; and though you may think us all very stupid people at Hemdon, yet looking no further even than the tem-

poral advantage of your mind, it will be better for you to live mainly in retirement. Study—think—feel; admire God's works, examine your own heart, and lay plans for the future; but let all be done quietly and at home."

"It is all very grand, (we now quote from Annette's letter) very grand indeed; every thing you tell me—your *soirées* and *conversazioni*, and balls, and routs, and parties three of a night, and your very fine compliments from very fine people, and your introductions to distinguished, really distinguished people, and your visits to artists' studies and sculpture rooms: it is all very grand, and I am delighted that it all delights you, and that you are admired as you ought to be. But still, dear Julia, if you don't write to me very soon, and if you don't come home very soon afterwards, I shall begin to have a half wondering doubt on the subject of your remembering us; and shall some night apostrophise one of the nightingales in Lord W.'s woods:—

> Tell us, thou bird of the solemn strain,
> Can those who have loved forget?
> We call, and they answer not again;
> Do they love—do they love us yet?*

So you see I am a little, just a little jealous, lest these fine things and people should put me out of your head; but I will not be so unjust as to suspect anything of the kind. To tell you the truth at last, dear

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* Mrs. Hemans.

Julia, I have a very particular reason for wishing you at Hemdon before the next fortnight is gone; the gentleman whom I have mentioned to you so often will I fear turn out the 'very, very charming person.' Do you remember that conversation with papa about the fairy gift—when you chose Fame, and I chose—well, I want you to see Captain Egerton before he goes back into Hampshire; for he declares that I have promised to return there after his next visit to our neighborhood; and to tell you the truth, I believe I have; so it is perhaps as well that——but I will tell you no more till you come home, and see yourself whether he has not wit and wisdom enough (he is eleven years older than myself) to excuse my liking him so very much as I do; to be sure, papa knew his father very well, and that I think makes some difference. There is but one thing about him that vexes me really, he will not go into raptures about you. 'Is not her book charming?' I say. 'Yes,' he will reply, 'very wonderful for one so young, but ——' 'Has not she distinguished herself amazingly?' 'Amazingly, but ——' 'Nay then, if you can say nothing without a but, go your ways, and fetch my canary some chick-weed.' Do come home, dear Julia."

"It is quite out of the question, my dear child," said Mrs. Lawrence Hervey, when the purport of the despatches from Hemdon was communicated to her; "quite impossible—how can your friends be so unreasonable I wonder!—and before Lady B.'s immense party—what *can* your grandmamma want with you?

Besides, I promised to take you down to S—— Hall for a few days next week; you are looking but pale, and I must have you very brilliant against my next At Home. I *am* astonished at the Percies; they should know the value of introductions—but good, worthy friends are such plagues! By the way, did that picture I named to you suggest anything? Mrs. ——— is a very influential person, worth pleasing, so let it suggest something, my dear; and I have been thinking of a title for a new book, you must have another out by next season; by the way again, love, did you answer C.'s letter on the subject?—What can your friends be thinking of? Here, I meant to take you to half a dozen delightful summer places, and then have dropped you at Hemdon just for the winter; it is absolutely selfish to interrupt you, going on so nicely as you are—absolutely unjust too; you belong to the public now: and when do they wish you to return?"

"Immediately; I must leave you in three or four days at the farthest."

"How tiresome!—how unreasonable! I declare, my definition of relations is quite right—'people who are privileged to plague one.' Why, you will hardly have time to write in all the albums that I brought home in the carriage with me this morning, and they belong to people that you may never see again."

CHAPTER XI.

Dear above every boasted attainment acquired to compel applause from the world, are those dispositions which cheer the hour when no stranger is present to admire, and shed that sweet influence which links the heart to home! H. M. Williams.

In five days after receiving the summons home, Julia was seated by her grandmamma's side, delighting the old lady with the histories omitted in her letters, "of all she had seen." The kinder and more natural, if less imaginative feelings of her nature, were manifested in a warmer manner for having been recently impeded. She found, too, that it was a pleasant thing to come home and be loved; to come home and be a centre of attraction to the hearts of proved friends; and perhaps she enjoyed, and they manifested, more than either party were aware, a certain deference of manner which proclaimed a sense of her newly acquired claims to consideration. They were proud of her, and she was gratified to find they were so. It was no longer necessary that she should conceal her inclinations and opinions, the free and full indulgence of them was accorded to her, accompanied in most cases with free and full sympathy. Julia now made

her nearest approach to happiness. She was honored as well as beloved; if reflection had matured her understanding, hope kept her imagination young, and her circumstances had the zest of novelty. Then she had not "thought too deeply or too long," or learnt to look through, whatsoever she looked upon. As yet she had not discovered that many of her present enjoyments contained within them the germ of future sorrows, or that her simplicity, like the leaves of autumn, was decaying under the mask of bloom. The past was bright, the present was bright, and the future was brighter still. What were her feelings for Cecil Percy she could scarcely define, though on his return from the continent he took up his abode at Hemdon, and they again associated as old friends. Had she now seen him for the first time, the probability is that he would have captivated neither her heart nor fancy, but the remark that

> Ofttimes glad no more,
> We wear a face of joy, because
> We have been glad of yore,*

is just as applicable to affection. He had been the first who appealed to her imagination by discoursing with her understanding, and when her heart began to stir like an infant before it fully awakes, she unconsciously, and as it were in a dream, loved him. Then she respected his moral worth so much, had gradually become so captivated by his gentle gravity, and the

* Wordsworth.

amiability and delicacy of his feelings, that though she afterwards associated with many men far more richly gifted, far more brilliant as companions, men who flattered more, and whose attentions were, in fact, more flattering, her heart continued secretly to regard Cecil as the ideal of its "near, dear friend." Yet, without doubt, their style of intercourse was changed, and yielded less mutual pleasure than of old; though *how* the change arose, neither party would, perhaps, have chosen to acknowledge. Julia had indulged in a romantic vision, part of which she had realized, but the remaining and the most precious part seemed no nearer its accomplishment. She was disappointed, and almost conceived that she had a right to be dissatisfied. Disinterested herself, she was ready to quarrel with the disinterestedness of another; for knowing that Cecil had often in the pride of refined feeling, avowed a determination never to marry a woman with a fortune, she attributed to this circumstance alone, the change she observed in his deportment. In that deportment there was an increase of deference, but a decided diminution of his former frank, affectionate cordiality; a something that set her apart and made her feel alone, that made her remember she was no longer a girl, but a woman, and a woman before the world, every time they met. It was a homage that made her keenly sensible of the vast difference between praise and approbation, between admiration and sympathy. The consequence was what might readily be supposed. In common

with all persons in whom imagination predominates, it was the unattainable that was the supremely valuable, and therefore—(the reader will remember that Julia is not intended to personify high excellence) her certainty of Cecil's friendship, and her doubt of his affection, established, instead of undermining, her interest in him. But there was much to demand attention besides Cecil Percy. She had to be introduced to Captain Egerton; to dislike, abuse, slightly dread, and finally—discover him to be the pleasantest man in the world, a very proper help-meet for Annette, notwithstanding his eleven gray hairs, to use Annette's phrase for his eleven years of seniority. However, after all, he was only about thirty; an age, as he assured his fair friends, at which a man first becomes conscious that he has ceased to be a boy. That they, on reaching the same age, would be well advanced in life he was quite ready to admit; but these are the pleasant contradictions of self-love. Then, whilst Captain Egerton went back into Hampshire, to prepare Myrtle Cottage, which was the name of his abode, for the reception of his bride, Julia had to assist in preparing her friend for the very important ceremony that must precede her journeying thither; and as she held no heterodox opinion on the non-importance of dress, and from her recent visit to the metropolis had seen some of the latest varieties of fashion, Miss Vandyke, the milliner, hailed her as a kindred spirit, and suffered her to give the casting vote on many important subjects connected with the government of lace and lutestring.

When all was done—her office as bridesmaid fulfilled, the bride-cake disseminated, and Annette, like the bride in the Ancient Mariner, "red as a rose," departed to bloom in her own home, even then Julia had much to occupy her mind. Many of the new friends and acquaintances, made during her absence from home, enforced agreeable claims upon her attention; some by calling, led by their travels into the neighborhood of Hemdon, some by giving letters of introduction to others, or by keeping up a correspondence.

Thus summer and autumn wore away; and the commencement of winter brought with it the new and painful occupation, of watching the gradual decline of our poor old friend, Mrs. Carhampton. She seemed to be under the influence of no decided complaint; it was, as Dr. Simpson observed, a literal *dissolution* of the animal functions; and the patient seemed to fade rather than decay. She grew weaker and weaker; first, less and less florid; then more and more pale: the "too, too solid flesh" melted; and for one who had been a very palpable substance, she declined into a shadow. Before the first leaf looked green, even of the trees that looked green soonest, she was gone to be mistress of a much smaller house than the one she had so long and kindly ruled, and to be wept upon by the night dews, without any fear of cold: before the first leaf looked green, she was dead.

Her last days were at once touching, edifying, and

amusing. She had always prided herself on being what she termed "a good liver;" but her religion had been a wholesome prejudice, rather than an enlightened and enlivening principle; every sermon was to her, as we have seen, "true orthodox gospel;" she had never reasoned, that perhaps was as well; but it was not so well that she had never reflected. If, however, she had much to learn, and more to unlearn, she had the true teachable spirit; and when, during her long illness, she was brought to apprehend that there is but *one* "true orthodox gospel," she received it into an "honest and good heart," held it fast, and died with it.

Therefore, to any proud, doubting, self-willed, self-tormenting, if more highly refined person, her closing scene might have afforded edification, as showing the peace in which they who are spiritually little children can pass unto that unknown world, which to the unbeliever is shrouded with clouds and thick darkness. Yet the mingling of natural character, and old habits and associations, not infrequently gave a gentle tinge of the ludicrous to her most serious discourse.

"Julia, my love," (this was her last speech,) "come and read to me, but don't bring me any book but the Bible; I used to think Blair's Sermons very fine,—but I can't do with any body's sermons now, not even Mr. Percy's—but that is no fault of his; when flesh and heart fail, there is nothing like a verse out of the Bible. I often thank God heartily for having given it us in verses; for when one gets a poor weakly creature, just at the point of death, one can manage

to remember a verse, and you know, love, salvation is very often put in a single verse. Oh, but I am sadly afraid you will get to love the world too much—bless you, my love! I wish when I am gone, I could send you a guardian angel to keep watch over you, for I'm sure you'll need one—you so young and made so much of by people; but don't, love, believe *all* that you hear. Mind your soul above every thing, my dear child, for though you are so clever, and will have this house, and the garden, and the fields, and the two crofts—forty acres of land, and the hay that was got off them last summer, all in your own power—for I shan't let Mr. Mortimer be your master, though I'm sure he'll be a kind friend—and nine thousand pounds in the three per cents, and twelve more in the five per cents—yet for all this, my dear Julia, you must come to die, and dying is no such easy matter, unless you have the rod and the staff—read me the twenty-third Psalm, love, and then draw that curtain and give me a kiss, for I should like to try to sleep a little,—this talking tires me sadly."

Julia did as she was desired; but the sleep that followed was not a little one. The slumber was never broken, for in it the kind, simple-hearted spirit passed into eternity.

CHAPTER XII.

Some natural tears they dropt, but wiped them soon:
The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest.

MILTON.

Society became my glittering bride.

WORDSWORTH.

JULIA did not yet know the worth of affection; of one, that sanctified by the bonds of nature, is capable, even in a homely guise, of triumphing over every vicissitude of circumstance, every waywardness of character, and of adhering to its object "through evil report and good report," faithful unto death. She had loved her grandmother when alive, and lamented her now she was no more; but never having had her domestic feelings made a source of intellectual improvement, or connected in any way with her imagination, the energies of her heart had somewhat merged themselves in the energies of her understanding. Kind and affectionate to all, she had yet early learned, perhaps loved, to live alone; to carry on two existences at once, the hidden one of the spirit, and

the outward one demanded by surrounding things and persons. Good-humored toleration may subsist with a most cordial want of interest, and none but the individual himself, know how vast the space that separates him from others, and even at times from himself. Without being what could correctly be termed religious, Julia possessed that strong sense of duty which answered the moral purpose of a hedge of thorns; it kept her proud, daring, enthusiastic spirit within bounds, and made her timid of wounding her conscience. Therefore, in one sense she deserved to have it said, in the epitaph phrase, that she had been "an excellent daughter, a steady friend, and a kind neighbor"—but the degree of feeling which had accompanied this performance of her relative duties, was another thing. It had been sufficient to render her tolerably contented whilst obliged to live in retirement, but now that she was free, it was not strong enough to reconcile her to remaining there.

To re-quote her own words, she pined again "for the breathing world of society, where mind is king; for living intercourse with the great, the gay, and the gifted; for access at will to what is various and splendid." When circumstances effected the temporary fulfilment of this wish, and, from a life of seclusion, she emerged into one that mingled the pursuits of literature with the gaieties of fashion, the change absolutely intoxicated her intellect. She regarded every incident, person, place, and thing, through the medium of her imagination, and *that*

> Transformed for her the real to a dream,
> Clothing the palpable and the familiar
> With golden exhalations of the dawn.

London was enchanted ground, London life a paradisaical state of existence, and the summons to leave it, more painful than she was willing to admit even to herself. Nevertheless, her sense of duty did not allow her to hesitate a moment as to the propriety of returning; and in addition to the satisfaction of doing right, she found, as we have seen, a present reward of pleasure. But when Mrs. Carhampton was dead, and the first natural and sincere grief occasioned by her loss had subsided into affectionate and grateful remembrance of her excellence, then, though by degrees, the real bent of Julia's nature began to show itself, or, more correctly speaking, to revive. Wealthy, distinguished, ambitious, and at two and twenty her own mistress, she was environed with brilliant perils, the more brilliant and the more perilous because her own energy was the only oracle she ever consulted. Intellectually, that energy had guided her aright; whether it would now do the same morally, remained to be proved:—and it appeared that she was disposed to try. The first symptom that manifested her disposition to change altogether her style of life and place of residence—was ennui. Hemdon was declared stupid—not the people, they were most worthy people; not her friends, they were the best of friends—but the place did not afford the refined conveniences of a town—there was no immediate access to new publi-

cations, to new acquaintances, to spectacles and exhibitions; it was a lodge in a wilderness—it was not London.

"And that," said Mr. Mortimer, "is a wilderness of brick and mortar." The next, and most infallible symptom that Julia meditated a grand change, was the arrival of Mrs. Lawrence Hervey on a visit to her. The murmurs against Hemdon grew stronger every hour, and gradually arrayed themselves in the more imposing form of reasons. It was not merely disagreeable, but for one who had pledged herself to the public, and from whom much was expected, it was absolutely an impolitic residence—she could not be seen.

"Then be like the cuckoo," said Mr. Mortimer,

> "'A hope, a love,
> Still longed for, never seen.'—

Or be like the lark,

> 'Type of the wise, that soar, but never roam;
> True to the kindred points of heaven and home.'"

"All very fine," replied Julia, more than a little disposed to be vexed because her will, yet rather autocratic, was thwarted on good grounds; "all very fine; but I would much rather be the same poet's* 'wandering bird of Paradise.'"

"A far more poetical style of existence," suggested Mrs. Lawrence Hervey.

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* Wordsworth.

"Is it equally feminine?" inquired Cecil Percy, with the calm, grave, beautiful smile, that possessed such mysterious power over the character so opposed to his own.

"Ah," thought Julia, and her heart swelled as she thought so, "he little knows that there are circumstances for which I would forego all wanderings; be the lark, the cuckoo, even a very household bird, to come at call, and be content in the narrowest bounds; but if I am not to be placed in those circumstances, why should I waste my life here? I will go and make my home in the world, and be happy there."

"I do assure you, my dear Mr. Mortimer; upon my word, my good Mr. Percy (so Mrs. Lawrence Hervey would harangue on the subject), the dear girl will be quite lost out of London; and as one may hope that ultimately her writings will be associated with the British classics, it would—would it not, gentlemen—be ten thousand pities, that she should have to struggle with even the shadow of a disadvantage?—and there exist many here:—a pretty place, Hemdon, very pretty; but not a residence for a youthful *distinguée*."

"She would dwell amongst her early friends," suggested the elder Mr. Percy, gravely.

"Ah! her youth you are thinking of; true, two and twenty is very young, but then Julia's profession ranks as age."

"And your auspices," said Mr. Mortimer with a smile, in which one who knew him would have de-

tected anything but a compliment, " and your auspices, my dear madam, must, of course, supersede our old-fashioned notions of propriety, and rank as authority."

" My good sir, there will be no propriety superseded at all. Julia will have a very handsome, a very sufficiently handsome establishment of her own, near me—very near me, in the next street if possible—I wish I could persuade her to take up her abode with me altogether, but *that* she will not hear of—(Julia had too much of the imperative mood in her temper, to suffer any dear friend to be so completely mistress of her movements) but *that* she will not hear of; however, she will always go into company with me; and with her talents, and reputation, and fortune—twelve hundred a year she will have at the very least, if the place here sets well—why in London, with that, and what she may make by her writings, in addition, she may turn her life into a fairy tale: but we shall come down and look at you all now and then."—And thus the important step was decided upon.

CHAPTER XIII.

So doth the ignorant distance still delude us!
Thy fancied heaven, dear girl, like that above thee,
In its mere self a cold, drear, colorless void,
Seen from below, and in the large, becomes
The bright blue ether, and the seat of gods!

COLERIDGE'S REMORSE.

BROKEN up into scenes and descriptions, the next six years of Julia's life would afford matter for a volume; but a few chapters must suffice for their history. Fairly launched in London, her income enabled her, as Mrs. Carhampton would have said, to "cut a very pretty figure for a single woman;" whilst her reputation, and peculiarly brilliant conversation, rendered her drawing room highly attractive.

Mrs. Lawrence Hervey proved herself an indefatigable chaperone, for she took care that her young friend should see every thing, and know every one, considered, in a worldly sense, worth seeing and knowing. The capability of gratifying all reasonable wishes as they arose; the conscious possession of the power of pleasing; a new, luxurious, and yet intel-

lectual style of life ; perfect freedom as regarded the regulation of her movements ; the vivacity of youth not yet departed ; distrust of others, even self-distrust, not yet learnt ; and the whole aspect and structure of the world resembling as yet a glorious, ever-moving pageant ;—is it strange that Julia was the enthusiast in society no less than she had once been in solitude ? Energy was her leading characteristic, and whatsoever employed it, yielded a delight that she never deemed less valuable because it was feverish, or less secure because it generally involved ambition. Nothing seemed poor, or vain, or minute, and very few persons absolutely disagreeable ; for she threw the radiance of fancy even around the conventional habits of fashion, and walked, to her own apprehension, enveloped in light :—but emparadised in dreams of intellectual beauty,—religious responsibility and moral utility had "no form nor comeliness." Scenes of amusement were not mere accredited modes of getting rid of time in good company, but occasions that beautified existence, freed it from all aspect of coarse or common life, and cheated the spectator into forgetfulness of the necessities and afflictions of human nature. The gay amenities and bland courtesies of social life witnessed on an extensive scale, did more than dazzle Julia ; for a length of time after her introduction to them they really satisfied her. Besides, all with whom she associated were neither frivolous nor fashionable ; it was her pride to make her associates and her occupations antithetical. She had her hours for study no

less than for gaiety ; and if she often preferred brilliant paradoxes to sound argument, it was more from caprice than deficient judgment. Her mind had wings, and she made it use them. Society was her Cydnus, and the Egyptian's glittering bark sailed not more gaily on its bosom.

> The gales may not be heard,
> Yet the silken streamers quiver,
> And the vessel shoots like a bright plumed bird,
> Away, down the golden river.*

But Julia's real prosperity, using that word in an enlarged sense, was by no means enhanced by this gilded state of existence. The old, proved, sober friends of her youth, those among whom she had grown and flourished, and who in their several relations had regarded her as child and sister, came by degrees to be less often and fondly remembered, then to be less frequently and frankly written to, and finally, with the exception of occasional presents (as if gifts proved affection), entirely neglected, if not wholly forgotten. Myrtle Cottage formed an exception, because its inmates were of a gayer turn, and she felt that even their presence would have imposed less restraint upon her, from their having less title to give her advice ; a thing that she grew to dislike in exact proportion to her need of it. And was Cecil Percy forgotten, too ? Not precisely ; but for the first two years after her removal to the metropolis, undiminished

* T. K. Hervey's Cleopatra.

enjoyment prevented the recollection of him becoming very troublesome, or very influential. Yet even then affection for him had a secret existence ; it prevented the formation of any other attachment : afterwards—but this is anticipating. It was a fact of that class that would be strange if not common, that after leaving Hemdon she never revisited it ; and as her Hemdon friends were sober, domestic people, embosomed in their duties, they never visited London. She had the power, but not the inclination, to travel in their direction ; the Percies had the inclination to see her, but not the means which justified their undertaking a long, expensive journey, for the purpose of mere pleasure. Mr. Mortimer had passed through London once or twice, and had seen her ; but notwithstanding the cordiality of the welcome he received, he discovered that the Julia of Hemdon was no more. He pressed for a visit, and met with gay excuses. Our heroine, now rather restless than ardent, and accustomed to a life of variety and excitement, secretly dreaded the ennui of a long visit to a mere country place ; in after years, many womanly feelings combined to keep her from throwing herself into the very path of the individual who interested her most : and at last, in a fit of caprice, or to enable her to gratify some expensive whim—for her taste went far beyond her income, she parted with her property in the country. Poor Mrs. Carhampton !—it was well she was dead ! Time wore on ; a third, a fourth, a fifth year lapsed away, but not without leaving traces of their

progress. *The* change came at last; subtilly, silently, as the shadow steals over the dial, subtilly, silently, but leading on to darkness. Love and ambition woke her mind from its first sleep, reflection and disappointment aroused it from its last. Novelty at length grew old; excitements ceased to be exciting; as the veil once fell from nature, and disclosed enchantment, so now the shroud fell from the world, and revealed—death. Tired of the sparkling sameness of her movements, vary them how she would, she first sighed for a new life; then, physically weary of living constantly at high pressure, she dreamed next of a quiet one; vexed in the end with crowds and compliments, the first selfish, the last hollow, she began to yearn after a life of affection,—to dream once more of retirement, and devotedness—and Cecil! In precise proportion to the growth of her dissatisfaction with herself and all around her, grew her estimation of him, her fond reveries of the past, and vague hopes for the future; her love was like the basil tree, that

> "——— grew and grew, and brighter green
> Shot from its boughs than she before had seen."

From different causes, and in a less happy manner, she began as in early youth, again to live alone, to be to herself both law and impulse, and whilst mixing as usual in society, to have an inner and separate existence; but it was now the existence of sadness. Neither was Julia without cares and anxieties; in a literary career, as in every other, there grow no

thornless roses. Success made her timid, and she who once wrote, literally because she could not help it, with buoyant confidence in powers that few acknowledged and scarcely one understood, now that all spoke to praise, wrote in doubt and self-distrust, and could have called her hopes and fears, "an indistinguishable throng." Mental exertion was no longer an instinct, but an effort; there was an accession of power, but a diminution of pleasure; there came the looking before and after, the labor of comparison, the dread of failure, the distaste to rivalry; an awakening perception that the unattainable would always exist; a delight certainly in what had been acquired, but a feverish desire also to acquire more. Then fame (using the word in the mere popular sense) was become tangible, something to be seen, and felt, and understood; its etherial aspect was gone, it was no longer a bright mystery like the stars; or like the wind freighted with melody and fragrance, a celestial and impalpable element; but by comparison a common thing, the birth of common life. It might be calculated, weighed, measured, and debated upon; it consisted in being looked at with curiosity, in being talked and written about, and the materials that went to its composition, were the notice of superiors, the homage of equals, the envy of inferiors, and the hatred of rivals. She felt, too, that her intellectual integrity was gone; that her mind was a mixed image of gold and clay; that she loved, sought, enjoyed, desired no one thing entirely for its own sake; that meretricious pleasures

had weaned her from simple ones; that in seeking happiness by means of excitement, she had not only failed of her aim, but exhausted at once the strength that should have sufficed for a long life. Her imagination now clung to her for the same purpose that a demon follows its victim, to blacken and to desolate with wild, unreal fancies. But Julia shall speak for herself, in a letter addressed to Annette shortly after entering the fifth year of her residence in London.

CHAPTER XIV.

Thou reveller in woes!—it is not well
To pay Heaven's bounty with such fearful fancies.
SULIVAN'S SILENT RIVER.

LETTER FROM JULIA TO MRS. EGERTON.

—YES, Annette, I am cured of ambition, quite cured, but it is a cure like that which the *coup de grace* effects on the felon upon the wheel. Yet it is not with the mind as with the body; death does not follow that last blow, only a lethargy, only a painful swoon. You will call me very ungrateful, Annette, and I suppose I am so: all my youthful dreams have been more than realized; with one exception, I never formed a wish that has not been gratified; "I have all, I abound;" yet am I not contented. Whatever is purchasable I can purchase; and whatever is accessible I can gain access to. I can assemble round me the gay, the great, and the gifted; nay, I can obtain communion of mind, conversation that scintillates like the sparkling electric chain. Praise is not wanting to me—the world's "frankincense and myrrh," so that in its outward semblance I might compare my life to the fires of ancient temple-worship, a union of light

and fragrance, kindled and kept alive amidst splendor, and song, and devotion. Added to this, my heart is really full of kindness; I delight to gratify my friends, each in his own way;—to assist even those whom I do not know; yet am I inwardly, habitually unhappy. Melancholy moods I had occasionally as a child, but that melancholy was a tender, simple, child-like sentiment, that helped to unfold my faculties and diversify my life; therefore I loved it. The pensiveness left by a highly wrought fiction, was a soothing pain, a sunny shadow; and the wind that I have *sat up to listen to*, when it beat impetuously against my window, or swept in proud gusts through the trees, only excited energy and imagination. Even its mournful tones did not speak to me personally, for I had not learnt the language of the heart. That wind was not poetical, but historical; it spoke to me of the heroic dead, led me wandering amongst the ruins of gorgeous cities, temples that attested the gigantic powers of their worshippers, and deserts in which shepherd-kings and pilgrim-patriarchs dwelt beneath the palm-trees. But now there is another spirit in the wind, one that speaks to me of myself. When soft, it seems to make the air sadly musical, with dirges and farewells; whilst in its stormy strength, it reminds me of the seraphim when they spread their wings to abandon the temple of Jerusalem, and said, "Let us go hence!" The wind now is full of death. And music is become sorrowful, perhaps I should rather say, "a sorrowful delight;" something that awakens my mind from its

old and energetic dreams of power, to steep it in dreams of emotion, to kindle soft, exquisite desires after repose—the repose of affection. Half an hour's listening to simple, innocent, child-like melodies—like some of the Spanish ones, or the Willow song in the opera of Otello, often suffices to make my present character and style of existence appear absolutely worthless. Then books have lost their early charm. Knowledge—ah, is it come to this! knowledge, though it still invigorates my understanding, no longer fills my heart with unalloyed pleasure; it seems only to open my eyes to fresh views of human crime and sorrow. History subjects one to perpetual doubt, and even when authentic, its records are little more than the records of might, passion, and prejudice, triumphing over truth, refinement, and right:

"The vines lie crushed in the chariot's track!"

And what is the office of poetry? Little other than to strew flowers over the various sepulchres in which the heart buries its dead; for are not the chief subjects of its songs, exile—loneliness—desertion—change—suffering—remembered joy (which is pain)—love in its strength and beauty, but love also in its inevitable alliance with sorrow or satiety?—Yes, poetry may etherialize our nature, but it also enervates and saddens; it imparts poison in an odour—slays with a jewelled scimitar. And society, that I coveted so much, and that has done so much for me—this robed, and crowned, and sceptered skeleton—this splendid mau-

soleum—this Moloch with diamond eyes,—I begin to pierce its disguises—to apprehend its superb mockeries. Or call it an imperial pageant—a triumphant procession in which I am an actor ;—well, if I wear a purple robe, I walk amongst the—chained : or call me a spectator only of the same procession, still, Annette, I am exquisitely weary when the glare and excitement of its shows and games are past. None know better than I do that this society is magnificent in its outward aspect, but in detail it will not bear inspection. The temple is barbaric, not Grecian ; the worship is idolatrous, not Christian. It is a divinity, gorgeous in apparel, but a fire is concealed within its hollow bosom, and whosoever worships must cast therein the first-born of his soul—simplicity. Do not refer me to Nature for a well-spring of beauty and consolation ; I love her, but it is as a luxury, as an addition to other things ; I could not be satisfied to live with her alone, and for her own sake. Besides, I deserted her once, and she does not, like Deity, call back her prodigals to her bosom ; there is no voice in Nature that says, "Return, and I will receive you again." I have told you the various changes that have passed over me in reference to the outward world, and the world of man ; but I have not yet told you the worst, that which arises from what the world calls my genius and my fame. Ah, what is genius to woman, but a splendid misfortune ! What is fame to woman, but a dazzling degradation ! She is exposed to the pitiless gaze of admiration ; but little respect,

and no love, blends with it. In society she is regarded as "a highly curious thing;" and as her delineations of emotion are presumed to emanate from her own experience, a desire is roused to discover her private history in her writings. Her power of self-sacrifice is less doubted than her power of self-command; but the doubt of *that*, is of the two, more injurious. However much as an individual she may have gained in name, and rank, and fortune, she has suffered as a woman; in the history of letters she may be associated with man, but her own sweet life is lost; and though in reality she may flow through the ocean of the world, maintaining an unsullied current, she is nevertheless apparently absorbed, and become one with the elements of tumult and distraction. She is a reed shaken with the wind; a splendid exotic, nurtured for display; an ornament to be worn only on birth-nights and festivals; the aloe, whose blossom is deemed fabulous, because few can wait to behold it; she is the Hebrew, whose songs are demanded in "a strange land;" Ruth, standing "amid the alien corn;" a flower plunged beneath a petrifying spring:—her affections are the dew that society exhales, but gives not back to her in rain; she is a jewelled captive—bright, and desolate, and sad. This is her fate, these are her feelings, if her character predominantly possess the excellence of her sex. If it be otherwise, if that which should be womanly in her is worldly, if she be not so gentle as vain, at heart a creature of ambition rather than of affection, she will be less un-

happy ; but, alas, she will also be less worthy of happiness ! If she can revel in notoriety, feel it her fittest home and sphere, take pride in its separating influence, and gradually become native to the atmosphere of adulation, she may converse like a Du Deffand, or a L'Epinasse, but so far from winning love, she will not even be deserving of pity. Annette, what is to become of me? To neither class do I belong entirely, yet I partake of the nature of both ! I pay most of the penalties of one, without fully sharing in the privileges of the other. As regards the delight and glory of distinction to a woman, the veil is fallen from my eyes ; but I cannot recede, for I am become enthralled by artificial feelings, and habits of a selfish and worldly tendency. To my better taste, praise is dust and ashes ; yet I cannot now live without it. Literary enthusiasm is no more ; but without literature as a profession, a void would be created in my heart, which, except I were a Frenchwoman, thrown once more amongst Frondeurs and Girondists, I doubt the power of anything to fill abidingly. I press, as it were by instinct, towards excellence ; I read, I travel, I observe, I reflect, I converse ; but the set, specific purpose, for which all is done, at once degrades and desolates. There is no *abandon ;* no child-like surrender of the soul to fresh and vigorous impulses, whether of thought or feeling ; no gathering ideas as if they were primroses ; no sporting beside the mighty sea of knowledge ; no watching the treasure-laden barks on its bosom, in secure and ignorant delight ;

every thing is a study for effect, therefore every thing is despised. I am an energetic machine; and even the poetry of my nature is becoming intellectual arithmetic. The idea of death deprives knowledge of permanent value, whilst the sense of present loneliness paralyzes all the finer functions of the soul. A *man* may erect himself from such a state of despondency; throwing all his energies into some great work, something that shall beget for him "perpetual benediction;" he may live for, and with posterity. But a woman's mind—what is it?—a woman—what can she do?—her head is, after all, only another heart; she reveals her feelings through the medium of her imagination; she tells her dreams and dies. *Her* wreath is not of laurels but of roses, and withers ere it has been worn an hour! Oh, Annette! I was not made for the life I lead, but I am subdued to the love of it. There is *one* human hand could snatch me alike from its fever-strife, and its fascinations; if *one* voice whispered, "Come away!" I should be disenchanted; my early youth would return; my life would know a second spring, a second season of blossom; I should yet—but what use is it thus to speak? That hand is not raised; that voice speaks not!

CHAPTER XV.

Farewell! the passion of long years I pour
Into that word! FELICIA HEMANS.

ONE morning, on returning from a drive, Julia was informed that a strange gentleman had called, and manifested some anxiety to be admitted. Maurice, her footman, gave no further information, so she passed on to her drawing-room, and the subject passed from her mind. After an hour's occupation or idleness (whichever it might be), the arrival of a presentation copy of a new novel was hailed as an agreeable divertisement, and Julia called for her paper-cutter. Maurice instituted the required search amongst the *allumettes*, toys, books, and bijouterie, that ornamented the various tables, and on presenting it, presented also a card which had been left by the stranger of the morning, and which he had previously forgotten to deliver. Julia took it languidly from her footman's hand, expecting to find it bear an unknown name; but a single glance sufficed to change her languor into agitation, for the card was inscribed—CECIL PERCY. The new novel was quickly thrown aside, and Julia

paced the room in listening, feverish restlessness. A call from Cecil—what had caused it?—what might it mean? Was that cold and simple spirit passion-stricken at last? Were the depths, or was only the surface of her own heart congealed? Alas! what mattered either of these alternatives *now!* Her character was changed, her tastes perverted, her habits fixed, and the spirit that once thrilled her, fled. These, and similar reflections, passed rapidly through her mind, excited by that simple talisman, Cecil's card. By and by footsteps were heard on the stairs, and Maurice, throwing open the door, announced (what a form it was) the individual on whom she mused. The last six years had not perceptibly changed him, except it were to render his demeanor yet more passionless, the tone of voice yet calmer, the style of expression yet simpler and more subdued. The change on the contrary, in Julia's appearance, was so marked, that Cecil almost started as he approached to take her offered hand. But how great was the change within! Twelve years before, he had seen her for the first time, as a girl—a buoyant enthusiast; imaginative and sanguine to a fear; romantic enough to provoke a smile; a high, wild, fitful, daring, passionate spirit. The last time he saw her, it was as a mellowed yet brilliant woman, her mind rich with golden hangings, her genius just acknowledged by the world, and she enjoying her spring-tide of fame. Her conversation then was original, yet in good taste; her general opinions sound, and rendered more interesting by a

softening tone of pensiveness; her feelings habitually under control, yet still flashing forth at intervals with sudden and Vesuvian splendor, making the beholder aware of depths beyond his vision. And now he saw her again, a highly dressed, highly mannered woman of fashion, courteous, conventional, and indifferent on the surface, bearing within, a heart capable, like the tree on the ruins of Babylon, of a sickly verdure, an unnatural bloom, but unsound at the core, withered at the root. He saw her now, with a lip that smiled perpetual contradiction on the asking, wandering, refuge-seeking eye; with a fancy that had learned to delight in worldly trifles; an imagination that grew dizzy when it strove to rise into its pure and natural ether; with energies that only kindled their own funeral pile; a dark and universal habit of doubt, a restless and universal desire of change. Thus they met: but the spirit of the past rushed like a whirlwind over Julia, and bore her resistlessly beyond herself; her youth came back to her, her genuine nature returned, and it was some moments before she spoke. Surprise, regret, flushed the otherwise quiet Cecil. "I ventured," said he, "to call on Miss Osborne on the eve of my departure from England, otherwise (here the speaker glanced from his auditor to the splendid room), our paths in life are now so distinct, I should scarcely have intruded."

Julia was piqued, and the woman of the world spoke in reply: "Nonsense, my good Mr. Percy; however, I am glad you like the arrangement of these things;

I by no means feel sure that my poor grandmother would tolerate this spending of her money, if she could return and visit me. I dare say you never expected to find me such a deformed transformed. I believe, nevertheless, I am in my element after all, (a sigh rather contradicted this assertion)—do you remember when we met last, how I eulogized the gorgeous?"

"And do you remember when we met first, how you eulogized simplicity?"

"Really, one forgets one's early follies."

"And your passion for flowers and poetry!"

"O no! I really could not do without either, even now; flowers are the poetry of a fête, and poetry is the fête of life; but come, let us converse on your own affairs—where are you going?—for how long?—what for? Can I or any of my friends serve you? And all important things in one, will you come to my *soirée* to night! I will find you some one to converse with, as great a lover of simplicity as yourself; and for auld lang syne, you shall find fault with every one, commencing with myself, and no one shall laugh at you—there is generosity!"

"Thank you, my gay lady," replied Cecil, with his composed smile, "but I do not want a partner, and I do not mind being laughed at."

"Well, then, bring your partner with you—he, she, or it, is, I doubt not, a producible person or thing. Come, I will give you grand names, endow you with befitting accomplishments, and you shall be lion and lioness, or lion and lionet of the evening."

"But I should not like a lioness for a wife, Miss Osborne; and such my partner happens to be."

"Cecil!"

"Thank heaven for that, Julia! I began to fear that what I heard was true, that you *were* spoiled; but that word, that tone, proves that you are safe in the citadel: dear friend, don't let the world warp such a noble creature as you were made to be. You see I presume on our old friendship, and on my projected departure for ever."

"No, not for ever!"

"Why, perhaps it is foolish to say for ever; but India and for ever are strangely associated in my straight-forward, matter-of-fact mind; you and your genius would disunite them, and picture a bright return, and I know not what. I envy you your mind after all, more than your distinction."

"I do entreat you, Cecil, I do entreat you very earnestly, to forbear speaking thus of my mind—it has worked me no good—it has been, on the contrary, what a belief in astrology was in the olden times, a source of evil, and blight, and sorrow."

"Do not speak thus of a gift bestowed by the Giver of good," said Cecil gently, "consider, too, how much good you can effect, whilst meaner—"

"Mr. Percy, I am too much engaged to listen to my own eulogies, or even to advice; tell me about your own concerns."

"You are as kind as ever, I see. Well then, I have received an appointment to a chaplaincy in the East Indies, which I accept chiefly because it may

facilitate an object, that for the last two years has lain much upon my mind—that of assisting our missionaries, either by furthering their translations, or by some means that may suggest themselves on the spot. The time is short, and the heathen part of the world may indeed be said to lie in wickedness; so I would fain associate myself with the efforts that are now making to connect one with eternity, and ameliorate the condition of the other."

The surprise, not unmingled with contempt, which Julia felt on first hearing this announcement, was quickly overpowered by the simple earnestness with which her early friend spoke.—"But Cecil," said she, "you never used to speak thus."

"No, I had not then suffered, or perhaps enjoyed enough, to make me feel the glorious realities of the inner life."

"Ah! how well I know what you mean—you mean emotion."

"No indeed, Julia; I mean hope and peace, the fruit of righteousness; I mean the life of faith."

"I do not understand you," rejoined Julia thoughtfully, "why did not you speak thus to me twelve years since, when my mind was blank paper, or even five years since, when it was the same paper tinted; when I had motives, and energies, and youth, and youth's spring of action—enthusiasm?"

Cecil took her hand solemnly, (he perceived not that it trembled): "motives, energies, youth, and enthusiasm, are lovely words, and suggest lovely

images ; but TRUTH says they are vanities, if supposed absolutely needful as stimulants to the life I speak of. The eternal future, which *must* be entered —the happiness and good of others, which *may* be enhanced—our own building up in excellence, depends on nothing so ephemeral as fervid fancy acting on fervid affections, and so producing what we term enthusiasm. Julia, I feel as if I should never see you more ; promise me to withdraw your fine mind, at least a little while, from the gay and gorgeous life you lead, and entering that solemn chamber of the soul wherein conscience sits enthroned as judge, dare to ask yourself whether you are fulfilling the great end of existence ; and having dared to make that inquiry, dare to act upon the answer. It would comfort me, when far away, to know that one I have ever admired in much, was become admirable throughout."

"What more, father Cecil ?"

"Nay, I have done, Miss Osborne ; pardon me for having said so much—I really thought we were on the rustic bench under the old hawthorn tree, you know I used to be preceptor there ;—Julia what is the matter ?—you are ill ;"—and without further ceremony, Cecil rang for an attendant. But by the time Maurice appeared, the agitation, excited by sudden remembrance, had passed away, and Julia, again self-possessed, declined even a glass of water, and with almost affected precision, gave a private mission to Maurice—"It is the inner cabinet I want, tell Victorine, the inner cabinet contained in the large one

that stands to the right of my dressing-table. Since," continued she, turning to Cecil, "you will not bring your—indeed, my good friend, I am not ill; pray do not look so anxious :—very well, Maurice, this is the cabinet I wanted—since, as I was saying, Cecil, you will not bring your wife to see me, you must take her some memorial of her husband's friend. What is Mrs. Percy's name ?"

"Much like herself, pretty and simple; it is Mary."

"Pretty and simple, but poetical too; we must adorn her suitably; here, this diamond cross—you don't object to crosses, do you ? or this pearl spray—I should not like her to have anything that I had not worn and liked myself; come, help me to choose ;" and Julia, with a hurried hand, covered the table with a succession of brilliant ornaments.

Cecil smiled, and shook his head. "These are all too gorgeous," said he, "for a clergyman's wife, even if destined to live in the east. I will take something, but of less value ; for though my Mary may not have courage to be introduced to so distinguished a woman as Miss Osborne, I can answer for her valuing the slightest memorial of her kindness." Cecil, as he said this, drew the casket towards him, intent on finding some less costly trinket ; but scarcely had he glanced at the remaining contents, before a deep, child-like blush of embarrassment, crimsoned his whole face. For a moment Julia looked at him in astonished silence, but in another moment, the blush

communicated itself to her own countenance with yet intenser glow. She perceived that her companion had caught sight of what, when the treasures on the table occupied their proper place in the casket, they concealed from view—a slight sketch executed by herself from memory some years before, yet though a sketch only, a startling resemblance of the object of her first, last, and only attachment. The secret of years was betrayed. Wounded pride was the natural and predominant feeling on the part of Julia, grieved surprise on that of Cecil; for believe it who will, the idea of possessing the affections of any woman except his wife, had never till the present moment crossed his mind; ignorance of its own power may long exist, where humility and simplicity form the basis of character. Julia was the first to recover, and she spoke with calmness and dignity. "Reserves are of necessity at an end, but not therefore respect. Mr. Percy take *that* to your wife, and say it was my work, the work of one who values her husband—values him still."

"Noble woman—Julia—dear friend!—never—never!—condescend to retain it as a memorial of one who will ever blend your name and another's in the same prayer—of one, who humble as he is, far away as he will soon be, is, and can be, devoted to your interests, your best interests—can admire your genius—reverence your generosity—long for your happiness, mourn—yet forget this discovery."

"Because too late?" inquired the eyes of Julia.

They were answered by tears, but those tears did not say, "Yes."

There was a long, and earnest, and troubled silence. Julia was again the first to break it. "Our several engagements call us to separate now; make use of my purse and influence, Cecil, if ever the world should go hardly with you and yours."

"That will I never; it is enough to think of what you have already done; your memory shall be enshrined in never-dying regard."

"I would rather you made use of my friendship, Cecil—idols of memory are as apt to get broken as old china."

"Do not jest with me, Julia, for I cannot bear it. Give *me* something as well as Mary—something that you have worn—something that I may wear."

"Will this do?" said Julia, flinging round his neck a gold chain, not costly but of delicate workmanship. "There have been some links broken off one end, but you will not miss them. Ah, it is broken here too, in the middle; never mind, get Mary to mend it—and here is Mary's cross too."

Solemnly as by a dying friend, reverently as to a queen, yet with all the tenderness due to a dear sister, Cecil arose, kissed the hand she extended towards him, murmured forth a broken blessing, and then, without another look or word, turned from her and left the room.

Julia retired to her chamber, and there, in the deep gloom of personal consciousness, wept long and bitterly

for the past. The fiery dream of enthusiastic, yet faithful passion—the fancy-drawn portraiture of all she might have been—the quick and subtle, if wordless analysis, of all she was—the degrading sense of thraldom to artificial tastes and habits—the mournful impression of energies absorbed in trifles—vague feelings of duty, with utter dislike of its claims, coupled with a cold abandonment to desolate loneliness—were there not materials here for torture, and dreams, and tears! But it was her *soirée*, and after three hours, Julia rose from her couch, decked her person with jewels and festal attire, again locked up her heart, again commanded her thoughts to their own "vasty deep," again became like him whose soul inhabited a statue, and amidst music and flowers, friends and festivity (so called), went gliding from group to group, the presiding and brilliant genius of the whole—smiling and exciting smiles, gay and the cause of gaiety, never for a moment, off her guard or mind-betrayed. But a few more hours, and she was once again alone in her chamber, enjoying that ease of the wretched—liberty to unmask. Haggard and disrobed—a Pythoness after the moment of inspiration—cold, collapsed, and still—the play of feature exchanged for rigidity—the full, varying, modulated voice, dying into sighs and broken murmurs—even the heart that seemed to swell and burn sensibly, become heavy in its beating, and the breath that came and went like flame, subdued to suffocation,—anguish exchanged for hopelessness, desperate effort for despair—thus sat Julia; not musing,

not remembering, for her physical strength was too entirely exhausted ; but perfectly passive and motionless, her whole being steeped in the waking sleep of sorrow !

She had dismissed her maid for the night, but Victorine returned with a packet, left during the evening, with a charge that it should not be delivered till Miss Osborne had retired to rest. Victorine gave up the packet and retired. Julia opened it as languidly as she had taken up the card in the morning, and her languor was in the same manner dissipated, for within the last envelope was a letter in Cecil's hand-writing, and a small bible—his own, and full of his own marks and observations.

In due time the reader shall be made acquainted with some portion at least of the letter ; but if he have scrutinized society, the character of man, and the condition of woman, he will be at no loss to guess its style of contents. She who is brilliant in mind, and gifted with the perilous gifts of genius, may receive the homage of saloons, may be courted as a companion, and worshipped as a goddess ; but for his help-meet, man chooses far otherwise. Beauty in connection with simplicity, or even " wonder-working, weak simplicity " alone, determines his choice. Man does not secretly dread and dislike high intellect in woman, for the mean reason generally supposed—because it may tend to obscure his own regal honors ; but because it interferes with his implanted and imbibed ideas of domestic life and womanly duty. A few chivalrous natures

there are, able and willing to do the justice of the heart (a very different thing from the justice of the head) to women distinguished by talent;—firm believers in their amiability, disciples of their gentleness, respecters of their independence, reliers on their friendship, trusters in their devotedness; but such men are comparatively rare, and their power of doing *heart*-homage to female genius, is no less a gift than the genius itself.

CHAPTER XVI.

Her being's law is gentle bliss,
  Her purpose and her duty;
And quiet joy her loveliness,
  And gay delight her beauty.
HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

IT is now time that we should take a peep at Myrtle Cottage in Hampshire, the residence, if the reader will be kind enough to recollect himself, of Julia's early companion, Annette, and the scene of much elegant, quiet, domestic happiness. Competence, as before observed, will, under the direction of taste and refinement, produce a greater appearance of style, than riches without such a presiding influence; and witty good sense in man, and delicate vivacity in woman, will charm ennui from a domestic circle, or close connection of any kind, much more habitually than qualities more highly intellectual in their rank, and more deeply passionate in their source.

It was thus with our heroine's friend and her husband; nearly seven years had elapsed since the marriage, that Julia, when it took place, in her secret soul rather despised than envied. Personal distinction was then new to her, and the homage of society drowned

the voice that afterwards pierced her heart with the constant cry of "alone—alone!" She ultimately, as we have seen, went well pleased to London, whilst Captain Egerton and Annette, still better pleased, settled in their pleasant home, in Hampshire.

The former had seen enough of hard and active life in the service of his country, to deserve and be able to enjoy well-earned repose, whilst he had both the taste and the talent to diversify that repose with duties and pleasures befitting the English gentleman, the English husband, and in process of time, the English father. As for Annette, she bade defiance to time, care, and marriage, and continued the most charmingly untamed creature that could be imagined. At six and twenty, with two boys, who, notwithstanding their beauty, evidenced the organ of destructiveness in a vast variety of ways; to say nothing of those common and uncommon plagues—servants, storerooms, shrubs, flowers, fancy-poultry, and an army of neighbors;—notwithstanding all these things, calculated to induce gravity, Annette was still the lord-chancellor of larks, going through her duties as if they were only sports—forgetting herself till there was no one else to remember—often exquisitely sad for others, —never melancholy for herself; though now and then, just to prove her feminine mortality, a little playfully imperious, a little gaily despotic. She was an indescribable compound of childish artlessness, womanly sense, spirit, and tact; to feel her sympathy was like imbibing the dewy breeze of spring, it was so balmy

and so gentle; and when she gave advice, it was as if the same breeze syllabled itself and spoke. Her wisdom was love, her happiness was love; but it was the wisdom, happiness, and love of a nature unimpoisoned by passion. No wonder her husband loved, admired, scolded, laughed at, consulted, and nursed his "winsome wee wife;" who, without being too refined for common life, made common life susceptible of refinement.

It was the morning of Captain Egerton's sixth birthday since his marriage, one of those soft, bright May mornings, common when May is in good humor, that the two rosy children burst into the breakfast parlor, and doffing their caps, garlanded with the early hawthorn, claimed their privileges of a holiday, and a rural gala in the evening.

"What a superb comedy!" cried Captain Egerton to his wife, as he caught up in his arms the youngest boy, who in imitation of his brother lisped out, "No lessons to-day, papa."

"I do assure you now," said Annette, "Edgar has advanced as far as P in the alphabet; and, but for to-day's holiday, would, I verily believe, approach five letters nearer Z."

"An incipient LL. D. I declare!—but don't you think, with a better schoolmistress he would get on faster?"

"Ah, ingrate!—but who taught his brother Henry to repeat the pretty verses Julia wrote on your last birth-day but one—dear Julia, don't you wish she

were here to-day? How she would enjoy our gala, and how she would inspire us with her own brilliancy!"

"Or say, how we should inspire her with ours—the brilliancy of happiness—poor Julia!"

"What compassionate insolence!—poor Julia, indeed!—don't you know, sir, that she is one of the most distinguished women of this or any day?—brilliant—profound—full of information—fancy."

"You are quoting the newspaper that Edgar has just dropped his bread and butter upon, my dear."

"My friend, too, my dear friend, that I knew so long before I knew your sauciness; and loved—oh, so much better! Ah, you don't know how she stood your friend—poor fellow! she used to say."

"Poor fellow, indeed! Who is compassionately insolent now?"

"I don't care what you say; you are an odious, tiresome, cross, stupid thing (every one of these ugly epithets was rendered delicious by the gay affection of the speaker's voice) and I don't believe I shall care a straw for you after to-day—do you understand that I am in earnest, Captain Egerton?"

"Perfectly, my love; your every look corroborates your words. Ah, rogues, rogues!—was ever man made so uncomfortably happy?—one boy strangling me with his arms, another on one knee, and the most mischievous of women and mothers on the other."

"Ah, indeed, you may pretend that; but do you know that I am so offended at the slight estimation in which you hold my talents, that I purpose devoting them to the public?"

"Admirable!—you will bring out a new edition of Reading Made Easy, enabling the infant mind to sustain five letters at a lesson."

"Indeed, I shall only condescend to write poetry."

"You had better continue to *be* poetry, Annette; —but look, those pet bantams of yours are publishing a beak-and-claw criticism on my flower beds—really, love—"

"Ah *scélerats*—plagues—pests!—don't you hear me coming?" cried the youthful matron, and catching up one of the garlanded caps, darted into the garden through the window that opened to the ground, and with her two boys in full career after her, began a chace after the intruding bipeds. It was a pretty sight; the bantams spread their wings, and scampered and screamed, and their mistress scampered after them, threatening and laughing (well aided by the merry children), not an instant still, not a moment silent, making the air musical with gladness, flitting before the eye in ever-varying attitudes, light as a cloud, graceful as a shadow. During the search, she stooped and was half hidden by a spreading laurel. Edgar, the hero of the alphabet, seizing his opportunity jumped upon her shoulders, and anon, there was fresh glee and richer laughter, till Captain Egerton, who had surveyed the whole group with the eye of an artist, walked forward to relieve his wife from her *affiché*, and as he did so, involuntarily quoted poetry.

* "All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

With thy clear keen joyance,
Languor cannot be,
Shadow of annoyance,
Never came near thee:
Thou lovest, and ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground.

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world would listen then, as I am listening now."

"A very pretty compliment, and very well delivered, Mr. Egerton! You have improved, I see, since breakfast; but pray were those verses meant for the boys or myself?"

"Why that we will leave unsettled, love; serve my compliment as an army does a parliamentary vote of thanks—divide it amongst you, serve it out in rations of praise; but Johnson has just brought something that is unequivocally for you."

"Ha! a letter from Julia!—how strange that we should be speaking of her so lately!—dear boys

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Shelley's Address to a Sky-lark.

go and play. Alfred, come and look over me ; how delightful that it should come to-day !" But a hasty glance changed the mood of Annette, and before the letter was half perused, the gaiety of the morning was all gone. The reader will not be equally surprised, but it is necessary that he should read the letter too.

"You have often expressed surprise, Annette, to hear me say that I liked being deceived ; but you were not aware what effects would follow being rescued from a state of deception ; the utter inanition, the deplorable deadness of spirit :—depend upon it, sorrow up to a certain point has its energy—and wretchedness its enthusiasm ; but they must be connected with suspense. Certainty leaves you nothing to do, or hope for, or hope against ; it is ever after sailing over a deep, wide, waveless sea, a being borne unconsciously along like the red dry leaves of autumn by the autumn wind. You wonder now at this strain, but when I tell you that Cecil and I have parted for ever, you will not be surprised. But the parting is not all ; under other circumstances it would be nothing ; I might lawfully follow him in spirit, and by a thousand contrivances familiar to privileged friendship, lose the sense of his loss in the enjoyment of his mind's presence. As it is, this must not, cannot be. He is aware of my life's long secret—that I have loved him. I am aware, too, that love for me never crossed his imagination. Ask not how this discovery was made, enough that it *is* made, enough that we have met,

mourned, and parted. He is married, Annette, and he came to tell me so himself, in guileless ignorance of my feelings; he is married, and gone to India with his happy, happy wife—but I cannot hate her. Oh, that can never be the instinct natural to woman! If I am wretched, why should she be miserable? She is fair, I hear, and full of simplicity; not endowed with genius—but when did genius in woman win love from man? My gifts—let them now pass for ever from me, since they could not win the only affection I ever desired; and let the ambition that lured me on with the vain dream, that when the world praised me, *he* would lend a delighted ear—let the pride that pictured me a happy, not humbled captive, throwing the tribute of my possessions at his feet, thankful to be rich only because I was enabled to be generous—let all these perish, worthless, and evil, and vain, that could not win me love! Nay, that lost it me! He heard of my success and was startled; his refined and delicate nature shrunk from so much publicity for a wife; there might be somewhat of the man, too, in disliking to receive honor rather than reflect it. He did not dare to trust, for he knew not how much was trust-worthy; in his humility he doubted himself, in his ignorance he doubted me; when he was my preceptor he considered me a child, when I grew into distinction he regarded me as a queen; at first below his notice, at last above it. 'Could I have asked you,' inquires his farewell letter now before me, 'could I have asked you to leave your brilliant circles, your

aristocratic associations, (all made by yourself,) to share the lonely hermitage of a village pastor? Could I have been presumptuous enough to exact from *you* the daily attention to the unattractive duties of a household like mine? What had I to offer in exchange for the pleasures you must have resigned? I did you injustice, Julia, but the injustice *is* done; and penetrated as my very soul is by the matchless generosity that marked your interest in me, God forbid that I should say I repent of my present ties; they are best suited to my character and condition, and your freedom, Julia, is best suited to you. The time—suffer a single word of exhortation, my greatly admired friend—the time is past wherein simple domestic life would suffice for your heart and imagination. The world has laid a sorcerer's finger upon you, and though it has not chilled, has changed you. Rouse, therefore, dearest—with one exception—dearest of women, and convert your present position into one of sanctity and glory. The world is now your theatre, not of display but benevolence; forget yourself, all pleasant dreams of personal happiness, and sharing as genius bids you, the penalties of royalty, aspire to share also its privilege—that of exercising influence even where you are not known. Regard your mind, not as a curse that has severed you from the common life of your sex, but as a sacred treasure bestowed by Him who has said, It is more blessed to give than to receive. If you may occasionally hide the thorns of life by placing on them a blossom or a flower, if you are

privileged by your mental efforts to strengthen weakness, console sorrow, and invigorate character; whilst the passive and the lowly virtues shine in your life and speak in your conversation—oh, my friend, will not your reward be great, will not your happiness be ultimately greater, than if you had flung your wealth of gifts into the bosom of concentrated affection, than if you had been an argosy freighted for a single heart?' There it is, Annette; he comforts a woman as if she were a man—just as if her affections were intended to go sailing over the high seas of the world, touching at a thousand ports, taking in or leaving a cargo at each; instead of being a little skiff moored ever in the same creek, venturing at the farthest but a little way from land, and then merely for the use or pleasure of her owner. But I will cast anchor somewhere, and without delay; send me neither advice nor sympathy; what should you, sitting at ease in your elegant cottage, planting roses, teaching your two pretty children their ivory letters, or listening to your brilliant husband's conversation, without the slightest desire to be brilliant yourself—what should you know of a state of mind bordering on phrenzy? Farewell, and may you never know it!"

Captain Egerton laid down the letter, with a countenance at once grave and perplexed. Annette's smiles were completely gone, but she regarded her husband with a silence sufficiently interrogative of his opinion and intention. After a few minutes' longer

pause, the gentleman took the gentleman's own posture of self-debate—that of walking up and down the room with his hands in his pockets. After about a dozen turns, he returned to his seat, which he drew to Annette's side, and broke silence.

"My dear wife, I am unfeignedly sorry for all this, and for all the parties, beginning with Julia and ending with you."

Annette's eyes thanked the speaker more eloquently than words could.

"I assure you, my dear, I never felt fuller of sympathy in my life, or less disposed to believe in its value."

"Cruel, cruel man!"

"My pretty wife, will you cease favoring me with those pretty titles?"

"Will you then please to speak so that I may listen with pleasure—think of poor, poor Julia!" and Annette took up the letter and burst again into tears.

"I am thinking of nothing else, my love, and I am as truly grieved as even you could wish me to be; but you must let me sympathise after my own fashion. I cannot, upon my honor, I cannot join my tears to yours; nor do I believe, however many I might shed, that comfort would thereby be floated to our friend. No, I cannot weep; but if you, my good little woman, will pack up my portmanteau in an hour, I will take the one o'clock coach as it passes our gate, and go straight up to London."

"O, my own dear Alfred!"

"Your own dear cruel man you mean—well, and when I reach London, I will do my best to persuade Julia off any intention she may have formed of going into a convent—or of going mad—or going to die; and I will, if possible, bring her back with me to Myrtle Cottage; and what with your sympathy, and my sense, and the scenery, and the sea breezes, I really hope we may do her good."

"But the poor children and the gala!"

"Rogues!—they must begin to learn that the claims of sorrow are paramount to those of pleasure; besides, they will have all they were to have, except their papa."

"*Except* their papa—what a trifling exception!"

"Well, I will not quarrel with any of you for loving my company; but go now, that's a dear woman, and see after my portmanteau; I have some directions also to give—well, we shall have half an hour for adieus and last words—allons"—and the parties left the room intent on their several duties.

By the time appointed, Captain Egerton was *en route* for London, bearing with him, in addition to his portmanteau, a short letter to Julia, not written in Annette's usual delicate lady-like hand, for that haste and agitation forbade; but in its purport calculated to give as much comfort as the nature of the case admitted.

"Dearest Julia," so ran the missive, "if you sorrow thus, what must I do; even my darling husband and children, even my happy and beautiful home, will not

suffice to make me *quite* happy, if I know that you are abandoned to grief. Suffer Alfred to bring you to us; we will consult your taste and habits in all things; even the boys, romping as they are in general, can be gentle, if they fancy any one ill or unhappy. I shall be wretched till Alfred writes that he is coming back with you; but I shall comfort myself by preparing for your reception, and in putting every thing and person out of the way that I think would annoy you. Ah, how miserable I should be myself if Alfred had been Cecil! But come to us, dearest Julia; I will not ask you to be comforted yet, only come to us. Where should one weep, if not on the bosom of a friend."

CHAPTER XVII.

To worship for a season,
To flatter, feign, pursue ;
To love with little reason,—
To leave as blindly too!

Miss Bowles.

"Well, I really never heard anything so strange—what will this world come to?"

"And I never heard anything so shocking. What, as your ladyship observes, will this world come to?"

"It will certainly, my dear Lady ———, and my good Mrs. ———, come to an end some time, but not a day sooner, because Miss Osborne chooses to go abroad without telling any one the reason ; nor yet because she chooses to travel unattended, except by her maid and footman."

"But the appearance, my dear sir!—and come now, speak honestly, as a physician—don't you think the excitement of travelling more likely to injure than restore our friend's health? If I could get your opinion to back me, I would really drive as far as —— Square, and try to persuade her to stay amongst us. Come now, doctor, you know you dread this travelling."

"On the contrary, I advised it, and do honestly assure you that I have a much greater dread of her staying at home."

"Astonishing!"

"Yes, indeed, as your ladyship says, it really is astonishing; but pray was not Miss Osborne to have been your ladyship's lion to-night?"

"Certainly, and that odious man there, is come to say that she is a sick lion, and neither can nor must come. How excessively provoking!—now those mad verses of hers are just in the full bloom of a three days' notoriety! They will be forgotten, you know, Mrs. ———, by the time her cold, or cough, or fever (I hope it is not a fever though), or whatever it is that ails her, is gone."

"Her mad verses!—dear me, what does your ladyship allude to? But to be sure I have not heard or seen anything since the day before yesterday. What a strange thing, and how excessively improper!—well, the reviewers will certainly leave off their compliments about her womanliness, and so forth; absolutely, if she completes all by travelling alone, she will be a second Mary Wolstonecroft, and I suppose we shall have another version of "Letters from Norway."

"May I beg to know," interrupted Dr. Morphinus, "may I beg to know whether Lady ——— has any authority for assigning the verses in question under that style and title, to my friend and patient, Miss Osborne?"

"Yes, doctor, unquestionable authority, universal report."

"O, I bow!"

"And the prefatory paragraph in the paper that contained, and gave them that name too; here, read and be convinced yourself."

Dr. Morphinus took up the paper.

"Fragment of a forthcoming poem—kindness of a friend—talented pen—youthful *distinguée*—literary circles—profound passion—soul of no sex—versatile powers—beg to direct—fifteen thousand daily readers of our columns—following *morceau*—Reply to a Letter of Advice :—

And so my last mad letter made you fearful,
Mine "Ancient," my adviser, my good friend;
And having written a reply most tearful,
Such as a spinster sanhedrim might send,
You dreaded making of my wits a slaughter,
So quenched in flame your tears of ink and water.

Most faithless of the faithful!—just as if
I and my errors were so ill disposed,
That after the first slight poetic *miff*,
My wrath would not have sunk to rest and dosed!—
As if you had not won the right prescriptive
To whip with words, didactic and descriptive.

And what if I remain in bed till noon?
And what if I say wise things and do mad ones?
If better than this earth I like the moon,
And better than some good people, like bad ones?—
What if I wish I had a pretty griffin,
To take me to the stars for tea or tiffin?

What if I tell you that the world so wicked,
Is like an odious book, a book of grammar
Wherein the verb " to love" has been omitted ?—
That hearts are anvils, whereon life's sledge-hammer
Of griefs and errors, passions, pleasures, falling,
A horse-shoe make at last, with din appalling ?

What if I make an egotistic moral,
And say I'm like a floating shell or weed—
Or finer still, an ocean-rock of coral,
That sea-worms house in, or as some think, breed ?
There's yet of this diseased, dark-bedded thing,
Full many a necklace made, and brooch, and ring.

What if I say all this ?—I'm still when drest,
Though not a beauty for *la belle assemblée*,
Not one in *any* turban, scarf, or vest,
To make a cavalier sigh, swear, or pray,—
I am not beautiful, (admire my candor,)
But still, when drest, a good second-rate commander.

Having my tongue in tolerable use,
Bon-mots for cannon-balls not lacking wholly,
With paradoxes for a blunderbuss,
Am I not armed either for feud or folly ?
A man without a leg can serve the guns,
And a sad heart can manufacture puns.

And if there be a sorrow in my soul,
Making that soul a lamp-lit sepulchre,
Requiem, or dirge, or sympathetic toll,
I never bid society confer
On me, or on my sorrow ; both are hushed,
Shrined amidst marble—quiet because crushed.

And if there be a madness in my love,
It does not kill me now, I died long since;
Nor does it send me walking in a grove,
Or make me in white satin rave and mince,
I talk plain prose, laugh and sometimes cause laughter—
Torture, and dreams, and tears—these things are after.

After and when alone; it is bad taste
Ever to go a-visiting with grief;
Leave her at home, or else well flounced and laced,
Present her as your friend, Miss Mirth; in brief,
If you do not, you'll soon be left to pine,
No gentleman asks sorrow to take wine.

Smile, though the keenest barb in sorrow's quiver,
Strikes through your heart, until that heart is sick;
Tame down your tumults, though as aspens shiver,
Thoughts you deemed dead are vigilant and quick,
And let the eyes, that to your soul are flame,
Flash upon ice; and if there be a name

That stirs your spirit like a sorcerer's spell,
Sending a dizzy creeping through your brain,
Pronounce it; and the sword-like word, farewell,
Speak in gay accents; once, and yet again;
That word may cleave your *heart*, but still, no doubt,
Society will ask you to her rout.

Apropos of society, I'll mention
One room that's quite a picture in its way;
I've often heard there, wit enough to pension
Twelve prosers with fifteen good things a day;
But argument its inmates always crush,
They like not living in a bramble bush.

'Tis quite an Italy—that little room;
Affection, song, and sadness make it pleasant;
And round the converse hangs a fine, rich gloom,
Far more delightful than if mirth were present;—
Making the fancy like a jewelled skull,
(There's one at Cologne,) deathly, but not dull.

Now this you do not understand, I know,
(And do not care for,) for your heart hath been
As prosperous as your life—a heaven below
Of comfortable things;—I, less serene,
Have neighbored nearer to the storm and sun,
And, personally speaking, am undone.

But I shall drink my coffee I suppose,
And form with bread and butter a connection,
Morning and evening—just as if no woes
Had ever of my spirit made dissection;
The greatest harlequin on earth is sorrow,
So now, my friend, farewell until to-morrow!

"Most unfeminine style for a woman—dreadfully indecorous!"

"Dreadfully indecorous, indeed, as your ladyship observes. Is that Italy of a room meant for her own?"

"O no!—not so bad as that; I have some reason to think Miss Osborne intended a delicate allusion to mine. Well, doctor, what do you say to all this?"

"I say nothing, my dear Lady ——, because I happen to know the real circumstances of the case.

Will your ladyship allow me to put this paper in my pocket?"

"Not on any account, my dear doctor; you may read what follows, but no taking away; come, give us the remainder in your own clever, effective, variable style. Ah, what a pity you are not a lion! There, read, read—you will find some interesting peeps into what I suppose one may consider private history; there, skip the large print and give us the 'Farewell after a Visit:'"—

And is it time that I should say farewell!
I thought I could have done so, without sighing;
Have left even a home of song and spell,
Without the ignominious sin of crying;
But nature triumphs, triumphs over art,
And mournful feelings prove it sad to part.

I have been happy here—that says too much;
I have been tranquil then—nay, that says more;
Well then, I've known a habit, call it such,
Of sadness with excitement gilded o'er,
That every sense-proud soul would just call frightful,
But I, a child of fancy, deem delightful.

Farewell, thou little darling cabinet room;
Thou art a likeness of thy habitants,
An union strange of gaiety and gloom;
Philosophy, I don't allude to Kant's,
Would call this union an hypothesis;
But poetry oft sees how very true it is.

Farewell, dear room, for I shall soon be gone,
And then there'll be an extra empty chair;
And after all the fine things said and done,
I think farewells are chiefly noted there;
Your chair is empty, at another's service,
Proser, or wit, king, scholar, saint, or dervise.

We part, and vow for ever to remember,
(There are ten comedies in one for ever,)
Our visit in its slightest meanest member
Is shrined within our bosoms, and—no never,
Will we resign that most endeared connection,
Until there comes a general resurrection.

And then we get into our chaise and pair,
Filled with our luggage, selves, and constancy,
For ten miles (if the scene's not very fair)
We think of what we've left; ten more, and we
Begin to find that fancy yet can frisk it,
And wish we had remembered a dry biscuit.

Arrived at home, we praise the past, our friends,
And all they did for us, *so* kind, delightful!
We write to thank them, and the matter ends:—
The new, the near, the present—am I spiteful
Thus to speak truth?—the present, new, and near,
Are fetters to our souls, and must be, here.

So now I never promise thought eternal,
Not even to myself; I really think
Our *liaisons* should be like violets, vernal,
Odors to come and go; I almost shrink
From evergreen attachments, for you see,
I never found them ever *green* to me.

Your avenues of firs look very dimly,
'Mid the soft luxury of summer sheen;
Even their winter constancy but grimly,
Especially when snow is on them seen;
I much prefer the trees that have flirtations:
If love can die, why should leaves keep their stations?

I *can* love, *have* loved, *must* love while I breathe;
But I desire in love perpetual June,
Which is not in one friendship; so I wreathe,
And wear, and look on hearts as flowers, that soon
Will have their summer glory overcast;
What then? I love them dearly while they last.

And I would rather lose what I love here,
Be it man, woman, flower, or recollection,
By swift translation to another sphere,
Than have it in the shape of retrospection;
I hate all ghosts, but most, and without measure,
The apparition of departed pleasure.

And memory is mental indigestion;
You are not healthy if it much afflicts you;
Hope, which is hunger, without any question,
By no means in your health so much restricts you;
For never to be dainty is *her* cue,
If turtle is not, blackberries will do.

And blackberries, the proverb saith, abound,
Not living in a country place I know not;
But this, living in town, I've ever found,
The Hopers find no bush on which they grow not,
Whilst your Remembrancers seem really made
To have their eyes removed *behind* their head.

What is the past, as it refers to love?
Nothing—there is no sculpture for a sigh,
No portrait for a word, or words above,
A look, a low soft tone ;—the rose *must* die ;
"But memory may embalm,"—your taste less numb is
Than mine :—I could not make affections—mummies.

Love in sweet nitre, calico, and gum!
(Not looking half so well as old mahogany)
Or pleasure in a puncheon of new rum!
Or friendship "lapped in lead" if you have got any!
I have no right against your taste to rail,
Embalm your friendships—but let mine exhale.

"Is not this shocking?" cries some flaxen Werter,
Warm from a bath of tears o'er tomes of folly ;
Be still,—what is exchange of hearts but barter,
As full of cheating and of melancholy,
As any that in Robertson one reads?
The Indian gives his gold—the Spaniard beads.

And now, alas! I tire extremely soon
Of people, both the stupid and the clever;
A book, a bust, a picture, or a tune,
Can keep its charms, and somehow charm for ever;
Where did I learn this sad love of variety?
How did I gain this habit of satiety?

Books, busts, tunes, pictures, seldom give advice,
(In that they're no epitomes of life,)
Nor do they know one's foolishness—a vice
With which one's best friends are exceeding rife ;
Nor do they ask one questions, weak or wise,
Or look interrogations with their eyes,

One's quite at ease with them, and burdened hearts
Are bowstrung by attention, if not given
With the fine tact not always joined to parts;
Silence is very often sorrow's heaven,
And sympathising or objurgatory
Words, just as often, sorrow's purgatory.

The greatest portion of the dust that talks,
I've wished enshrined in canvas, or in wood,
Or calf-skin; anything to stay the walks
Of limb, or eye, or tongue (however good)
That paralysed me with perpetual motion,
And drowned my spirit in a wordy ocean.

Few read the heart, because few pay the price,
Of having theirs first broken, perhaps worse;
We play the game of life with loaded dice,
But in the wealth we win there is a curse;
Sorcery seems with us, and we may not tell
The secret of our strength, the fiend that rules our hell.

Ah, shall it not be?—where the holy meet,
Their God is with them, though but two or three;
And where the happy in like manner greet,
A secret, too, is there, they only see;
And where the shipwrecked of the soul unite,
They have ties also—fellowship of blight.

That phrase "a broken heart," has had a run,
I like it not, it makes me think of china
Broken, and by a monkey, ten to one;
And yet I really never could divine a
Better—"ossification" would sometimes
Best suit the fact—but then you see the rhymes!

Enough, alas, too much of this—farewell!
Farewell, friend, cabinet, and converse, all
That while they woke my spirit like a spell,
Left me my freedom—I go back to thrall;
In the world's carnival to wear a mask,
Is not this thraldom?—nay, I only ask.

Comment as before on the part of Lady ——. "Most unfeminine for a woman!—exceedingly indecorous!"

Comment on the part of Mrs. ——. "Most exceedingly indecorous, as your ladyship observes."

"Is Miss Osborne an intimate friend of yours, Mrs. ——?" inquired Dr. Morphinus.

"O most intimate—a bosom friend I may say; I have known her from her first appearance in London, and have never had a large party without inviting her."

"And your intimacy, Lady ——?"

"Is in its infancy, but I know we should have been most excessively intimate but for this provoking illness, and whim of going abroad. I have met her often in society, and she really, without beauty, was a great ornament to a party; there was something so uncommon in her style of expression, then in her manners there was such an interesting struggle between nature and fashion! O I am sure we should have been very intimate. Dr. Morphinus, you are absolutely called upon to lecture Miss Osborne on the duties she owes to society; the great bane, Mrs. ——,

as somebody says—I forget who, but I quite agree with him,—the great bane of social life is selfishness."

"Assuredly, as your ladyship observes, selfishness."

"And assuredly," said Dr. Morphinus, arising to depart, "Lady ——, and Mrs. ——, may depend on my faithfully reporting to Miss Osborne—"

"Ah, you dear good man! so you really will show your skill, and revive her for my party to-night; she may come *dèshabillé*."

"May depend on my faithfully reporting to Miss Osborne, that the most selfish portion of society is often composed of 'intimate friends.'"

CHAPTER XVIII.

He that is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee in thy need;
If thou sorrow, he will weep,
If thou wake, he cannot sleep;
Thus of every grief in heart,
He with thee doth bear a part;
These are certain signs to know
Faithful friend from flattering foe.

SHAKSPEARE'S POEMS.

WHILST in some drawing-room (no matter whose) in some London square (no matter which) the foregoing dialogue transpired, and much more than we as Julia's historian have thought it necessary to give—a very different colloquy was taking place in another drawing-room, whither, without let, hindrance, or molestation, our friend Captain Egerton, had found his way. The sight of Julia did what her letter had failed to effect; she looked ill and recklessly wretched, and the contrast between her and the blooming, buoyant wife, whom he had recently left, almost affected him to tears. Had Annette heard him unfold his errand, she would have been fully satisfied. Indeed, except when persuading the same Annette to become

his wife, it may be doubted whether he ever put forth the same urgency of appeal. But Julia was firm, or perhaps to speak more correctly, was obstinate, with the treble obstinacy of illness, broken spirits, and a warped notion of generosity.

"Indeed, Julia, you must allow me to say that your refusing to go home with me, and let Annette nurse you, is, in your state of health, almost suicidal."

"No, it is not; whilst I remain in England, Dr. Morphinus (and he is my friend as well as my physician) will take care of my body, and I *know* I shall be better as soon as I begin to travel. Here, just cast your eye over my route, and see whether you can amend it. At first I wish to avoid remaining in cities; but you may give me some letters to your German acquaintances, if you will; for Switzerland I have more than enough; but if I feel that I recruit on my progress—I hope you are aware that I go *intending* to recruit—why, I shall perhaps avail myself of foreign society. At first, however, foreign scenery is all I want."

"Upon my honor, Julia, I could almost call you a rational lunatic! What possible enjoyment can you have in wandering about, like a woman belonging to nobody?"

"How else would you have me wander? I *am* a woman belonging to nobody."

"No, my dear friend, you belong to us, to Annette and myself—the children are so young, or else—"

"Thank you Alfred, for I know what you were

going to say; but I would not, even in that case, allow you to make the generous sacrifice, for it would not avail. I have been living a masked life so long, I have been so buried in society, that—well, I will tell you the whole truth—that now sudden and unexpected circumstances have torn off the visor and revealed me to myself, I feel—how shall I express it?—jealous of every eye that looks on me; not having strength to continue playing a part, I long for solitude and strangership where no concealments are required."

"Why you may have solitude on our sea-shore—solitude in our cottage; though after all, solitude is the very worst thing for you just now—absolutely poison; come, go back with me, and don't be unreasonable."

"But I must *seem* unreasonable, my kind, good friend; because you do not see the feelings and motives that actuate me, only the outward circumstances. It is not—I treat you as Annette's husband when I speak so openly—it is not, then, the simple unhappiness induced by the interview mentioned in my last letter, it was a blow, a surprise, a denouement, that startled me out of my conventional habits, stripped me of all my artificial disguises, and rendered the world I had been living in, and for, a barren desert. But disappointed affection is the least part of what I suffer; I feel degraded in my own eyes—I have an inward wasting sense of moral deterioration, of want of energy or will to be anything better now. If I came to what Annette calls her 'beautiful and happy home,' I fear

I should become envious and irritable (capricious I am); it would be the hawk looking in at the doves; the simple sight of her virtues and happiness, would, I fear, reproach and sadden me; then I should infallibly get tired, not of you or Annette, but of your way of life—bad taste, is it not?—the bantams, and the roses, and the rides, and the neighborly visiting, and—and—nay, you must not argue with me, you must show your friendship by listening—I am not merely subdued by the discovery that I am severed from the only union I ever cared to contemplate, but by the discovery that even *that*, would not have made me abidingly happy—that I have no longer the power of daily self-denial, of daily self-content; so as I was saying, you must let me go quietly abroad for a year or two, or till my mind recovers its tone."

"My dear Julia, you must suffer me to remind you of the appearance your loneliness will bear."

"You treat my misfortune as though it were my fault; I sacrifice no propriety. Maurice (an old traveller too) has, I am sure, as much the look of a privy counsellor as Sir Roger de Coverley's butler had; and Victorine, my French maid, does not accompany me, but a plain, staid, Englishwoman, my old nurse's daughter, Eleanor by name; added to which, at eight and twenty, and with a *few*—if but a few—grey hairs on my head, I am entitled to rank as matron."

Captain Egerton was silenced, not satisfied; after a while he made yet another effort. "And poor Annette," said he, "you forget her feelings."

"Do not say that, do not say that; believe me, I act for the best. The more any person loved me, the more unhappy should I make them, just now at least; but when I recover my health and spirits, when I am myself again, I will return to England, and the first place I visit shall be Myrtle Cottage."

"Then with this I must rest contented?"

"Indeed you must."

"And when do you depart?"

"I believe our arrangements will be completed in a few days, the sooner the better; meanwhile my indisposition excuses me from all leave-takings—they are miserable things even when you care little for people; they change acquaintances into friends, and friends, Captain Egerton, into what is painfully, vainly precious. Tell Annette I love her, and rejoice in her happiness."

"Then is there nothing you will allow me to do for you? Let me at least take you as far as Ostend."

Julia shook her head. "Do not scold me, or call me unreasonable, but the eye of a friend tortures me; it is wrong so to feel, but I *do* feel degraded by the presence of any one who knows my secret history. But I always intended making use of your friendship: will you take charge of a copy of my will? Life—my life, is uncertain, and I wish both to travel and die with as few cares as possible. Annette and another early friend will be my heirs whenever and wherever I lay down the burden of the flesh."

"Julia, it is quite wrong—quite wrong of you to overpower me thus. My dear friend, you must and

shall be yourself again; the very self you were when you were Annette's bridemaid. What, going?"

"Yes, Alfred, I am soon fatigued now; do not remain in London on my account—go back to Annette. God bless you for your true and thorough kindness. But I must be left to myself—I am so very, very weary. There are four lines written by one with whom, in many things, I can sympathise too well, and I repeat them to myself almost in my sleep—he is addressing the wind, and says

> 'O lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud;
> I fall upon the thorns of life—I bleed;
> A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed
> One too like thee, tameless, and swift, and proud.'"

Julia closed the repetition of these lines with a sigh. "God bless you, and farewell once more, my friend; when I return I shall not, you know, be so very, very weary, so let me go now."

Captain Egerton sighed also, but he relinquished her hand, and in a few moments was left in the room alone.

THE

HISTORY OF A NONCHALANT.

By my troth I take no keep
Of nothing, how it com'th or go'th,
To me is nothing lief or lothe ;
All is equal good to me,
Joy or sorrow—whereso it be ;
For I have feeling in nothing,
But am as 'twere a mazed thing.

CHAUCER, *quoted in Loves of the Poets.*

PART I.

I gaze upon the leafless tree,
And deem it but a type of me.

A. A. Watts.

I should never have been a Nonchalant had I not first been a sceptic, and I scarcely think I should have become a sceptic, if those who instructed me in religion had remembered that I possessed affections and reason, no less than conscience, and that in the child there existed the rudiments of manhood.

I do not by scepticism mean a fixed philosophical disbelief of Christianity in all its points; still less do I mean a sentiment of hatred towards its requirements; —mine is not the exhaustion left by a career of indulged passions, or a life of gross wrong-doing; and that iron energy of intellect which renders a man a thorough thinker, either for better or worse, for truth or error, I never possessed. I call myself a nonchalant, because my affections are profoundly, if placidly, indifferent to all objects of earthly desire; and sceptical, because the entire aspect, history, and complexion of my mind is—Doubt. I think, but I cannot bring any one thought to a satisfactory conclusion,

and may be said, with regard to facts, to live in an atmosphere of floating opinions. I consider Poetry in the light of a magnificent lie; History ranks with a bundle of old newspapers; and Science strikes me as a series of splendid conjectures. I observe that the principles of one party are the prejudices of another; the truth for which this man is willing to die, is to that, falsehood deserving persecution; vice and virtue have an existence independent of doctrinal belief; and the deist and the devotee do not contradict each other more than each contradicts himself. Observing all this, and having greatly suffered from it, I am come at last to be certain of nothing but the uncertainty of all things, and to consider doubt as the alpha and omega of existence. I am neither a searcher after happiness, nor am I engaged in the pursuit of truth; the former, I *know* does not exist for me, and though I cannot help fancying that the latter must exist somewhere, yet, like the problem for squaring the circle, I conceive the knowledge of that somewhere to be still wanting. This is a painful condition; for with few hopes, it is possible to be harassed by many fears, and to have a vague, awkward feeling of responsibility, rendering one almost envious of the brutes, since with them belief is not requisite.

For this wandering through existence "like a wave of the sea, driven of the wind and tossed"—or like the wind itself, that "bloweth where it listeth," but is unconscious either of "whence it cometh or whither

it goeth"—is, for a being distinguished by reason, both degrading and painful.

It is not, after this, needful to declare, that I cannot claim to be considered as a man of healthy feelings, or of a bold, strong, comprehensive understanding. I am, in every respect, much more of an Antinous than a Hercules—more of an Athenian than a Spartan—less an admirer of the grand and rigid, whether in art or nature, than of the soft, the subtle, and the exquisitely fair. I have vivid perceptions, and once possessed fervid feelings; I have assiduously applied my mind to intellectual cultivation, and if I have failed to make opinions for myself, I am familiarly acquainted with those of others:—in fact, it seems to me that opinions resemble cups and balls, and that he is the cleverest philosopher who can so conjure with them, as to delude the greatest number of spectators. I pride myself on not being deluded by any—but alas, I am useless and unhappy!—could I be more so were I deluded by the falsest? As to my species, I by no means feel hatred for it; contempt most definitely expresses my sentiment, and as I bestow a chief portion of this contempt upon myself, I do not think I am particularly uncharitable. Man is certainly a very ingenious animal, and in the way of handicraft his productions are astonishing. His pyramids in the early ages, and his tea-pots in these later days, are in their several styles, the prettiest things in the world; the infinite variety of ways in which he prepares his food and cuts out his clothes,

also deserve commendation; but beyond this, in the management of his mind, in all that constitutes him MAN, he is as much a babe of the woods as he was six thousand years since. "All the labor of man is for his mouth," said Solomon, and he probably used the word "mouth" as a generic term for whatsoever affords pleasure for the moment. Now this is so impressed, so graven upon my heart as with a pen of iron, that I cannot discover a single thing that but for the necessity of the case, it would be worth while to do. When life lasted a thousand years, the matter was different; if a man acquired a fortune then, he had some chance of enjoying it; if he made a discovery, he had time to bring it to perfection; or if he propounded a theory, to substantiate it before another arose to take its place. If he loved, death did not seize upon the delight of his eyes before he had half learnt its value; it could grow beside him and unfold its sweetness like a flower, not like *our* flowers, to be cut down in the hour of its birth. But now, how different! I have been waiting many years to find out something worth being interested about, and I am waiting still; meanwhile, I often think of the nobleman who committed suicide because he was tired of putting on his clothes in the morning, and taking them off again at night. What is that thing called pleasure, after which I behold multitudes toiling like slaves?—what are those other things called business, or ambition, or knowledge, with their one result—splendid disquietude?—They are so much labor for the mouth,

the ear, the eye, the moment. "Wherefore I praised the dead which are already dead, more than the living which are yet alive. Yet better is he than both they, which hath not yet been, who hath not seen the evil work that is done under the sun."

But I have spoken enough concerning my state of mind; it is time to give an account of the process whereby it was engendered. In some respects, during my early life, "I was a Hebrew of the Hebrews:"—I was an only child, the beloved of my mother, who died before I had well emerged from my infancy; my father was a leading member of one of the strictest Christian sects, and he had the double ambition of making me rich in this world's goods, and rigid in the faith he most conscientiously believed. A man of inviolable integrity, simple in his habits, and somewhat severe in his judgments—I question whether in his life he ever doubted, or ever after reaching manhood disobeyed the injunctions of his conscience, or ever thoroughly sympathized with weakness in another. Religion, business, and politics, he considered the only subjects worthy the attention of a man of sense. The newspaper instructed him in his politics; the authors belonging to his own body satisfied him with regard to his religion, and a very large establishment in Watling-street engrossed him in the way of business. General literature he neglected, because he regarded taste and imagination with suspicion and dislike. They were the Canaanites of the mind. Substituting the Bible for the Koran, he held pretty much with the

Caliph Omar, and had Alexandria contained a dozen libraries, he would have burnt them all with as little compunction. A bright, vigilant, black eye; a high forehead, somewhat narrow and wrinkled; rather a stately carriage; of a tall, slender figure; a slow, methodical step; a full, steady voice; and an invariable suit of black, completed the exterior portrait of my father.

I may seem to delineate my parent harshly, but it is only as he appeared to me when a gay, light, perverse boy; subsequent events have shown me, that if cast in too strong a mould to be habitually tender and winning in manner, there existed in the depths of his spirit a well of love and kindness. Like those natural fountains of fresh water on the sea-shore, the tides of harshness might adulterate the surface, but they left the pure spring untouched. He committed errors in his early management of me, and those errors were my misfortunes; but the fault was fully mutual; if he was intolerant of my softness, I was equally so of his strength. He was excellent without being attractive, I was perhaps the reverse, and sadly misconceived his intentions.

I cannot recollect the time when I did not stand in awe of my father, when I did not instinctively speak to him as if he were my schoolmaster. Love me he did, and must have done; but it was rather as the son who was to be the successor in his occupation, the heir of his earnings, who was to take his place in the world when the hour of his departure arrived, than as

the child, the partaker of his lineaments, who might be trained into a companion and a friend. Whilst an infant, he proved his affection by sedulous care of my health; when a boy, by enforcing strict attention to my studies; when a young man, by pecuniary liberality; but throughout he was a strict disciplinarian, for if he did not apprehend the fate of Eli, he dreaded falling into his sin. It was a favorite phrase of his, that as in salvation man's necessities and not tastes are consulted, the same system should be pursued in education, and he acted upon it in mine. I was in all things to obey, which was quite right, and not very difficult; but the corollary of believing all things I found a less easy attainment. I had an acute, inquiring, subtle mind, and very sensitive feelings; a disposition much more easily controlled by a silken thread than an iron chain. Now this, upon principle, and somewhat perhaps from natural disposition, my father failed to observe; even my childish questions, that it merely required information satisfactorily to answer, were set aside, so as to give me an impression that I had done wrong in asking them. As I grew older, and in consequence of this searching spirit, began to inquire concerning higher points of the faith propounded to me, and sometimes, it may be, mention what seemed to me contrary statements, I was treated as an incipient heretic; generally assured that I was too young to think, that thought implied presumption, and that my single duty was profound, undoubting belief. I was not at first indisposed to believe, but the way in which

my natural inquiries were repulsed, independent of wounding my feelings, gradually induced an impression that my father's opinions would not bear close inspection, and that the charge of presumption brought against me was only a feint to shield a tender cause. This was an audacious and unwarrantable conclusion, but it was very flattering to pride, of which unfortunately I had much. There was another misfortune in my circumstances:—before my mind was thoroughly imbued with doubt and poisoned by disgust, Christianity was never presented to me as a system possessing any magnificence or amplitude of character; as fitted to arouse, exalt, and occupy the powers of the mind; as giving scope to the affections, opening new fields for the exercise of imagination, and whilst commanding reason to take revelation as its guide, leaving that very reason a wider sphere of action than was otherwise possible to it. The religion I saw, had neither length nor breadth. The grave, the shroud, the dying nature of all around me, death in its multiform, perpetual, ever-present aspect, the reign of grief and evil, the tremendous doom of the wicked, the terrors of an Omniscient Judge—these were the statements continually and arbitrarily pressed on me, with so little reference to any sublime and cheering contrasts, that fear bowed down my spirit, and even in the spring-time of youth I mourned over my immortality. With the anxiety which he ever manifested to promote what he conceived my real welfare, my father gave me as liberal an education as was possible with-

out sending me to complete it at a university. He did so from a sense of duty, and from an English prejudice in favor of sound scholarship and solid information; but he yet regarded education as an abstraction—something that was to cultivate the understanding, and still impress no tangible bias on the tastes and character. When my education was completed, he intended me for a man of business—his successor—his second self in the counting-house; for, apart from the pecuniary advantage of the thing, he had both pride and pleasure in writing himself a British merchant. Now I had very different projects for myself, the result of a totally different mental organization; but I knew that whether obedience were agreeable or not, it was nevertheless necessary; and accordingly I took possession of a tall stool at a high desk amongst his clerks, determined to escape from it as soon as I could.

The radical cause of my indisposition to trade was, I fear, perverseness; my consent had not been asked, and I was inwardly indignant at such a want of consideration, since there existed, to my apprehension at least, no absolute necessity for so disposing of me. I had no senseless prejudices concerning the superior gentility of money earned by one species of labor, over that earned by another; the physician, the counsellor, the artist, and the merchant, stood on equal grounds, inasmuch as they all *worked;*—the difference did not lie in the act, but the adjuncts. One sphere called for the exertion and provided for the cultivation of the

higher faculties of mind, at the very moment that such exertion and such cultivation procured remuneration. In the other sphere, good sense, energy, caution, and integrity were required, but strictly intellectual exercise was of necessity laid by. I am not maintaining that it ought to have done so, I am merely stating the fact, when I say that my classical education had so modified my tastes, that it was not wise suddenly to place me in a position totally opposed to them. My bias lay towards accomplishments, travelling, general literature, the fine arts, languages ; I desired to be a man of letters, an artist—anything but what I was intended for. The refined and subtle countrymen of Pericles and Phidias were the objects of my enthusiastic admiration. The old Romans never stirred me so much ; they were less versatile and brilliant, whilst more commanding and energetic ; they had more English good sense. But the Greeks—their remains —their records—their climate ! Ah, how often did I wish I had lived with Alcibiades, and been one of the people whose national idea was BEAUTY ! With my imagination teeming with such visions, and with a susceptible rather than strong character, I was taken from school, and at seventeen commenced my mercantile discipline. I was silent, obedient, and unhappy. This state of things might, perhaps, have been obviated by indulgent management at home—I only say perhaps, for the spirit of perverseness certainly possessed me in no ordinary degree :—be that as it may, my home contained no one who either perceived the evil or had

skill to apply a remedy. My father lived in all the comforts, and many of the luxuries of life, but he had not, like myself, a perception of its elegancies—pictures (except family portraits), statuary, engravings, and polite literature, he classed under the comprehensive term of vanities ; not that he grudged his money, for once convinced of the utility of an object, he was liberal both as regarded giving and spending ; but he thought my taste savoured of heathenism, and that indulging them would injure the welfare of my soul ; he objected to them no less on the ground of their effeminacy. To do him justice, he would have permitted scientific pursuits ; but I cared nothing for science, I was wholly and obstinately imaginative. To do myself justice, I must also say, that the very refinement he disliked, operated as a moral safeguard ; and that what he considered a frittering away of leisure over worldly, if not wicked writers, shut the door upon much temptation to gross evil. Yet he was uneasy ; a profession of faith less strict than his own, substantiated by less gravity of deportment, would not satisfy him, and whilst he dreaded alluring me into hypocrisy, he ardently longed to behold in me more manly energy and greater religious decision. He often conversed with me, and I listened to him in silence ; he gave me books to read, good no doubt, but I was a Greek, seeking after wisdom through the medium of beauty, and their type, paper, and phraseology disgusted me. It was the same with our associates. I was constrained to own, even to myself to own, that

they infinitely excelled me in active labors for the good of others, but they never conversed on subjects of general interest, or at least on any that interested me ; I criticised their manners, despised their minds, and preferred my Elysian fields to their heaven. Their morals were rigid, but I thought it possible to maintain morality at a less costly expenditure of faith; virtue with me was an affair of taste, an adjustment of conduct resulting from refined fancies, and the absence of strong passions. Why, I thought, could not they suffer me to be quiet—and since I obediently attended divine worship with my father, and with my father attended the counting-house, why might I not waste or employ my leisure as I pleased ?—why might I not be left to my own religion of indifference ? My private room was an amusing contrast to the rest of the house. Taste was the deity I really worshipped, and I worshipped it most there. Without being luxurious, it was my ambition to be intellectually elegant in all my arrangements, to make as near an approach as I could to my beloved old Greeks, and keep myself as distinct as possible, in manner, speech, and dress, from the class of people I lived amongst, and the business I was forced to attend to. By the time I was twenty, I had pretty well refined myself into wretchedness, and if I may create a word, into cynicism. There were a number of restrictions as regarded my choice of companions and amusements, to which I was obliged to submit, but my heart swelled under the yoke. My father regarded me as a heathen, and I considered

him a tyrant; neither impression was correct. I was an imaginative, perverse, unsettled youth; he, an essentially excellent man, wanting only the grace of gentleness. Hitherto I had lived without loving anything except what was ideal; I had neither found a friend nor sought a mistress; my communings had been with the departed, with dreams of what might yet be; and my affections were at this period, of so soft, so intellectual a cast, that the forms of nature stirred and satisfied them.

> "The breezes their own languor lent,
> The stars had feelings which they sent"

into my inmost soul, filling it less with thoughts than phantoms. For music I had a passion; listening to it was like standing beneath a fruit-tree in May, and feeling myself suddenly covered with a shower of blossoms. I had also a taste for paintings, but sculpture I adored; it struck me as more refined, more supernatural, more apart from common life. I admired it so much, that I half wished for the restoration of the mythology that gave it birth. The severe and spiritual aspect of Christianity displeased my imagination—the tree might be strong and deeply rooted, but to me it "wanted the soft luxury of summer foliage." The operation of these dispositions effectually prepared me for love and scepticism, and I fell under the influence of both, though not exactly at the same time.

PART II.

Now the serpent was more subtle than any beast of the field.
GENESIS.

THE important events of our lives are often of such apparent insignificance in their origin, that it is only in retrospect we are aware of their real moment. Who would have thought that a fresh clerk entering our establishment, was doomed to be one of the two incidents of my life, on which my earthly, perhaps more than earthly, destiny was suspended? But Guise Stuart was totally unlike the other occupiers of tall stools, and makers out of invoices. The youngest son of a baronet who had dissipated a large fortune on the turf, he was at once my inferior in point of circumstance, and far more than my equal in birth. Taking a mercantile situation was to him a descent in the scale of society, and he naturally received from his employer a degree of notice, not bestowed on any other inmate of his counting-house except myself. My father first invited him to his house from benevolence, and once introduced, Guise Stuart might be considered as established; circum-

stances were to him only the accessories of success, his own abilities the agents. How shall I describe him? I knew him many months before I gave him credit for possessing any kind of talent—many more, before I discovered that under the apparent absence of all character, lay hid character the most profound. Even after considerable intimacy you would have termed Guise Stuart a mere simple-hearted, good man, in whom was no guile—and you might have been betrayed into complimenting his disposition at the expense of his mind. He listened to every one with deference, ventured now and then a question, but never expressed an opinion of his own; and seemed only anxious to serve, please, and benefit whomsoever he approached. His figure was slender and rather elegant; his complexion fair; his voice flexible and persuasive; and his age might be about eight and twenty, though the extreme maturity of his demeanor gave him the appearance of being much older. Indefatigable in the duties of his office, having apparently no higher interest than the welfare of the concern, religiously strict in his deportment—reverential to my father, respectfully affectionate to myself, the very model of a young patriarch—he silently acquired a character that a rich rogue might have thought cheaply purchased by many thousand pounds. By degrees, and in a quiet way, he acquired a high degree of my father's consideration; but apparently so far from wishing to profit by it, he refused to listen to any proposal for raising his salary, and he declined one

or two advantageous offers elsewhere. This disinterestedness, and his friendship for myself, awoke my father's warmest gratitude. Some may think that seeing so much consideration lavished on a dependent, would naturally excite jealousy on my part, and induce me to regard him with aversion; but, on the contrary, he was just as much the confidant of the son as the parent. He was the first person to whom my heart ever warmed, and I sought his society with as much eagerness as if I had not been desired to do so. My father requested that he would try to settle my mind, and induce me to apply to business with zest, for hitherto my attention to it had been little worth, because most unwillingly bestowed. Guise Stuart obeyed this request of my father, urging his wishes in the most persuasive manner possible, paying me at the same time many compliments on my superior talents, and ending with a quotation from one of my favorite poets. I, in my turn, unfolded my troubles, and enlarged upon my tastes; to the former he listened, and with the latter sympathized. He painted so vividly the delights of a lettered life, the pleasures of travelling, and the refinements of gifted society, that I hailed him with rapture as a congenial mind; but then he always took care to say something at the end in favor of commerce and duty to my father. We were almost constantly together; he displayed talent and information that surprised and delighted me; he could argue, I found, as well as assent, and his usual taciturnity was with me exchanged

for insinuating and varied conversation. My mind and heart alike reposed upon him as a friend; and at last, overcoming my respect for the sanctity of his manners, and as I supposed, corresponding severity of his principles, I timidly confided to him my impatience of the religious observances and associates imposed upon me. The candor and forbearance of my auditor astonished me. He expressed none of the righteous horror I anticipated,—pitied my interesting state of mind—drew a graphic picture of the errors and follies of good people—placed my doubts in a much more tangible and imposing form than I had ever done for myself, backed by the names of distinguished persons who had likewise doubted—but always closed with some favorite phrase of my father's. By degrees our conversations grew philosophical; my reading had been chiefly imaginative, his of a more abstruse character, and he suggested a course of metaphysics, observing that the best foundation for forming opinions of my own was an enlarged acquaintance with the conflicting opinions of others. Pursuing this plan, system upon system, theory after theory, passed in review before me, with all their authorities, arguments, and contradictions; the materialists and immaterialists; the deniers of matter and impugners of spirit; the adherents of the evidences of the senses, and the opposers of innate ideas; the respective advocates and antagonists of Locke and Des Cartes, with their respective assertions, evidences, and absurdities. The result of this Babel-building was confusion and

dismay. The materials I had collected I could not arrange, and Guise Stuart, my "guide, philosopher, and friend," seemed strangely impressed with a belief in the moral advantages of leaving me to feel the uncertainty of all things. "By discovering that every fact may be denied, and every opinion controverted with a show of argument and reason, you will learn," said he, "humility, distrust of appearances, and gratitude to God for having given us at least one book which is of course entirely true." But I had not studied metaphysics for nothing, and I readily replied, that "I must examine the proofs of the truth of that book," and to work I went on the evidences of Christianity, in a very singular state of mind, my conscience being soundly in favor of its ethics, and my taste as morbidly indignant against its doctrines. I was at once afraid and anxious to find it false; and should have rejoiced to come out of the inquiry with a compromising sense of unbelief and safety. Guise Stuart seemed to think with the serpent in the garden of Eden, that it was only possible to arrive at wisdom by the knowledge of evil, and like Eve I was beguiled. I ate and died. With a dispassionate candor that struck me as angelic, considering the rigid faith in which *his* inquiries had, as I conceived, terminated, he introduced me, in the first instance, to the most powerful among the deistical writers, on the ground that our knowledge of a man's opinions should be derived from a man's own statements, and that when I had *en masse* acquainted myself with the subtle rea-

soning and historic doubts that could be brought *against* Christianity, I should be better prepared to estimate the force of the argument and evidence in favor of it. I did so, and he subsequently read with me various volumes, apologies, and tracts, in favor of revelation. Here again he showed the same marvellous candor, never failing to point out the weak points of a Christian advocate, or to lay ample stress on the cogent reasoning of his unbelieving adversary. It was the same in conversation. When my spirit, or rather taste, rebelled against any of the facts recorded in Scripture, without ever taking the side of my sympathies in favor of Esau, or the devoted Canaanites, or the foolish virgins, or the Jews shut up in the desert, he would yet so eloquently delineate the situation of the sufferers—their temptations—the circumstances of human interest connected with their case—that his closing sentence in the character of a devout Christian, had little effect upon my understanding. Cannot the result of all this be divined? I had set myself to seek after wisdom, and truth, and happiness. I arose wearied in mind, and wretched in heart, positive of nothing but that I must die—arrived at no conclusion but that "there is no truth or solidity in anything—no such thing as certainty or real knowledge—and that all genuine wisdom or philosophy consists in doubting." The real character of Guise Stuart may also be divined. He was at heart a cold, bitter, intellectual infidel; one who really believed his own creed, and sought to make others believe it. In me

he only achieved a state of mental convulsion; but that was sufficient to cover him with guilt, and me with sorrow. I had not energy enough to be an infidel, so I rested in scepticism. Guise Stuart, whom Machiavel might have gladdened over as a pupil, had a double motive for concealing his own principles and overturning mine; boldly bent on repairing his ruined fortunes, profligately he was careless as to the means, and patiently indifferent as to the time that might elapse before they could be crowned with success. On first entering my father's service, he had considered the situation merely as a temporary convenience, to be resigned as soon as a better offered; but he afterwards conceived a scheme of self-aggrandizement which induced him to affect the most disinterested attachment to the concern, his master, and his master's son. He quickly discovered that there existed no confidence between my father and myself; that I was unsettled, detested business, and did not know the value of money—the value of which he knew perfectly, and that to become a partner in one of the most lucrative concerns in the city, with the certainty of eventually having it wholly to himself, was worth a little patience, and more than a little crime. That in raising himself he might ruin a young man, and make an old one wretched, was of little consequence to a worshipper of self-interest, still less to an infidel, who having learnt to despise God, was not likely to love his neighbor. His object was to alienate father and son irrevocably from each other, whilst

playing the confidant, and apparently furthering the wishes of both. In religion he settled my mind as I have described; with regard to business, he pressed me in words to apply to it with something like interest and understanding; in action, by a thousand indirect means, he rooted me more firmly in hatred to it. He had many associates that my father and my father's set little dreamed of; and whilst, because in his society, I was supposed much safer than when alone, I was in fact diverging more widely from their opinions, both as regarded sentiment and conduct. But in my aberrations from strictness, Guise Stuart's agency was not seen; too keenly aware of the value of apparent consistency to hazard premature discovery, he introduced me to young men whom, in my first simplicity, I presumed him to associate with because he was anxious to benefit them, and they did the rest. They were clever, brilliant, dissipated, and in some instances unbelieving; of far more daring sentiments and dashing manners than myself, but less intellectually refined, and in their errors less to be pitied. They initiated me into a style of life that effectually made me hate, more than ever, the dull regularity of my father's friends, principles, and dwelling. But where, it may be asked, was my father's penetration whilst this deep and double game was playing? Drugged to sleep by the poppy and mandragora of Guise Stuart's wily speech. This devout infidel and daring hypocrite was every day gaining a firmer hold on the confidence of one too sternly upright in all his deal-

ings, both with God and man, to suspect evil where appearances were so fair ; and there was such habitual reserve between my father and myself, that it was really the most natural thing in the world, that Guise Stuart, as my bosom friend, should be applied to by one party for information, and be made by the other, the medium for asking favors. One was plied with misrepresentations of my real conduct—mysterious hints, as to my obstinate temper and determination to have my own way eventually, coupled with devoted assurances of sympathy, and sundry consolatory hopes that all might yet be well. That I had been induced to study the evidences of Christianity was carefully mentioned ; but in what manner, and with what result, was as carefully concealed. By a thousand stratagems, my poor father was led to believe that Guise Stuart's friendship was all that stood between me and ruin ; whilst I, on my part, was taught to consider that the same friendly influence alone shielded me from the harshest exercise of parental tyranny. The estrangement consequent upon such a state of things, must soon have occasioned an explanation between the principals, and a consequent discovery of the treachery of their mutual friend ; therefore, Guise Stuart became anxious to have me disposed of at a distance, or led into some folly that should provoke my father to abandon me to my own devices and an allowance. There is but one being all evil, as there is but one entirely good ; and this wretched man wished me to be no further vicious or unhappy, than was necessary

to remove me from being a rival in his schemes upon fortune. Having been ruined without his own consent, he had, as he conceived, acquired a right in consequence to overreach every one incompetent to self-defence :—and considering all human actions, good as well as bad, founded in selfishness, he would have defended his conduct upon principle ;* but there lingered in his heart some contemptuous pity for a sure victim, such as I was, and he really, as I have said, wished to effect my ruin as pleasantly as circumstances would allow.

Whilst thus revolving in his mind a variety of contingencies, an event happened that saved him further consideration. My father had an agent at Leghorn, with whose letters and accounts he had for some time been dissatisfied, so that on the occurrence of a much longer silence than usual, he determined to send rather than write for an explanation. Guise Stuart must, of course, be the messenger ; but Guise, after protesting his willingness to go to Van Dieman's Land if it were his master's pleasure, meekly suggested his ignorance of Italian, my fluent knowledge of that language, with a hundred other reasons why it would be the salvation of me to leave England ; (he knew well that once

* All intellectual wrong will be found to take its rise in moral wrong ; and if we discover so many faults, as the geologers call them, in the construction of our minds, it is because our passions have heaved them out of their places, and destroyed their original unity and integrity. JULIUS CHARLES HARE.

emancipated, and free to indulge the bent of my tastes, I should never be won back to the yoke,) that I should be separated from companions who were ruining me, and after such a proof of parental kindness, should probably become a pattern of filial obedience—a tradesman—a man of sense—something like my father's son. My father first refused, and then paused. Italy was, in his opinion, a heathen land ; but then, was I not already a heathen at home, that might too soon become a prodigal ?—besides, Signor Baptisto Capelli must be seen after, since whatever I might become, he appeared to be already a rogue ; therefore, my father's refusal and subsequent pause, was followed by a reluctant consent, a long lecture, permission to see Rome, cash and credit for my expenses, enough and to spare. I had for some time been silently imbibing an impression, that Guise Stuart was by no means the quaint believer he assumed to be ; but of his friendship I never had the slightest doubt ; and when, with hot, delighted haste, he came to announce his success with my father, I scarcely forbore hugging him in my arms ; so fervent was my gratitude, and so great my joy, at this unexpected fulfilment of a long-cherished desire.

How gladly sometimes do we go to our misfortunes ! —flower-crowned victims, we pace gaily to the sacrifice of ourselves ; and resign at the same instant, our gladness and our lives ! Yet, why should I so speak of Italy, that " paradise of exiles," that land of cities built in poetry—that fulfilled dream !—If there I first knew

the sorrow that the fear of death can inflict; it was there, too, I first knew the joy of loving, the bliss of being loved; and this remembrance—*her* remembrance, sometimes so triumphs over every thing dark and painful, that for a moment I can feel my mind—

"A heaven of serene and mighty motion."

PART III.

A lady, the wonder of her kind,
Whose form was upborne by a lovely mind,
Which dilating had moulded her mein and motion,
Like a sea-flower unfolded beneath the ocean.

SHELLEY.

SIGNOR BAPTISTO CAPELLI was, very probably, what my father suspected him to be; however, his reception of me, in my double capacity of my father's son and confidential messenger, was profoundly respectful. I fulfilled, as I conceived, my instructions to the letter, conducted my inquiries with consummate address, and terminated my mission to my own infinite satisfaction; yet I have reason to believe that the Italian imposed upon me, and that my statements home were far more favorable than he deserved. Notwithstanding my earnest anxiety to do my errand properly, and to be on this occasion, a man of the world, the knave evidently guessed his way to the truth of my ignorance, and angled very skilfully for my inclinations. In one respect, certainly, he was mistaken; in that of supposing me a mere virtuoso, a hunter after classical relics for the sole purpose of stuffing them into a mu-

seum of heterogeneous curiosities, amongst sea-shells and mocassins, Chinese slippers, Esquimaux paddles, and a helmet of Oliver Cromwell's. I wanted many good and useful qualities, but taste I possessed; to behold the genuine remains of antiquity, and enjoy the scenery and climate which reminded me of something always young, was sufficient, without paying people to impose upon me in the matter of cameos and marbles. Had I wished it, Capelli would soon have found me a ship-load of statues, casts, and pictures, with witnesses competent to swear to their age, worth, and beauty; but I did not trouble him. To me, recollection was a relic; and as the money with which my father had liberally supplied me, was to last the whole of my absence, I determined to be economical, in order to make that absence as long as possible. Nevertheless, in several ways I found our agent useful; he supplied me with agreeable introductions to many persons residing in places through which my route lay; with much local information, to be acquired only from a native; and with various travelling hints valuable to a young, careless Englishman. After a month of close, and as I conceived very able attention to business, I left Leghorn, and proceeded on my travels, repeating at least once an hour—"And I too am in Italy!" There were other glorious, and in some respects more attractive, cities for me to visit; but as if with a presentiment that *there* dwelt my fate, my imagination concentrated all Italy in Rome. I traversed the country with the feelings of a boy and an enthusiast; it was the vintage

time; the creaking of the wains, slowly dragged along with their luscious loading of grapes, to me seemed musical; and how lovely the wide, shining plains, that realized the Hebraism, and laughed with plenty—the cities, rising through the vaporous air, bright labyrinths of building—"the olive-sandalled Appennine," stretching its dim line afar—the sea, basking on the shore in placid brightness—the air, impregnated with light, harmony, and odor—the brightest flowers, common as weeds elsewhere—whilst over all hung a sky so blue and beaming, that it seemed to love what it over-canopied—and the sun so majestic in his uprising and in his going down, that fancy might liken him to Deity blessing the land, and by his brightness pronouncing it "very good"—well did a gifted friend, writing from Italy, observe, "All here is more like fiction than truth." At last I approached Rome; my eye was disappointed, for the campagna is nothing, except to the mind; bare, level, and desolate—without villas, without orchards, bearing no harvest, except of broken columns, shattered entablatures, ruined temples, rent tombs overgrown with ivy,—nature herself seems to have sunk into the silence and inertness of age, and resigned to man the task of adorning Rome. After a little time I was satisfied that it should be so; the riotous luxuriance of agriculture would only have rendered the campagna more melancholy, because less in character with the fallen fortunes of the eternal city. Its desolations seemed as natural as that the body should decay when no longer tenanted by an animating

soul. It may seem a very school-boy phrase, but I was at home among the remains of old Rome, and the contemplation of them strengthened my mind. The galleries of the Vatican bewildered me; St. Peter's oppressed me with a night-mare of splendor; the paintings and sculpture of modern and ancient art, made delight a pain, by revealing to me the unattainable :—but to sit among the ruins of the palaces of the Cæsars—to stand beneath the shadow of the Coliseum, and see the moon "fill up the gaps of centuries," so tempered majesty with melancholy, a sense of might with a calm tenderness, that I began to assimilate the people who once assembled there, with my favorites the Greeks, in their old, and for ever past days.

The campagna was my delight; for there I could connect feeling with thought, and in living with the dead, live for and with myself, see visions and dream dreams. There was one quiet retreat that I especially loved, the ruined shrine of the nymph Egeria. In the side of a small hill, bare as the rest of the plain, the ruins of the temple enter, like an artificial grotto, and are partially clothed with foliage. A little murmuring river has its source in the interior of this still recess, and trickles from the urn of a small broken statue of a young river-god. The walls are overgrown with tender plants; and in a hot day, the shade of this cool haunt invites one to sit beside the fountain and repose. Only a little of the walls of Rome are seen; and except the Claudian aqueduct in the distance, a screen of hills on the horizon, and a solitary cottage,

nothing diversifies the scene. I used to visit this sweet, but simple place very frequently, in order to escape from the tumult and throng of the city.

Signor Capelli had procured me one or two very agreeable introductions to persons resident in Rome; but I accidentally made an acquaintance for myself that soon rendered me indifferent to society in general. This acquaintance was an Italian artist and his sister, English by the mother's side, and uniting in different ways much of the two countries in their characters. Both parents were dead; and the brother, from being several years older and having had to struggle with straitened circumstances, had acquired the air suited to the protector, rather than the companion of his sister. He was irritable, generous, shy, and grateful; full of enthusiasm, fond of privacy, and as fond of his sister as an attachment of a tenderer nature would admit. My first meeting with this interesting pair was at the grotto of Egeria, the one sketching, the other reading aloud. On entering, presuming them to be natives, I apologized for my intrusion, in Italian; they smiled, and respectfully replied in English. This was worth a dozen common-place introductions; we continued to converse alternately in the language of their country and mine, returned to Rome in company, often afterwards re-visited the grotto together, and finally became inseparable. Egeria (this was not her real name, but in memory of our meeting it was one by which I loved to call her) was totally different from any other woman I had ever seen, either in Italy or

England. She did not dazzle, she subdued me.—Other women might be more commanding, more versatile, more acute; but I never saw one so exquisitely feminine. She was lovely without being beautiful; her movements were features; and if a blind man had been privileged to pass his hand over the silken length of hair, that when unbraided flowed around her like a veil, he would have been justified in expecting softness and a love of softness, beauty and a perception of beauty, to be distinctive traits of her mind. Nor would he have been deceived. Her birth, her education, but above all, the genius with which she was gifted, combined to inspire a passion for the ethereal, the tender, the imaginative, the heroic—in one word, the beautiful. It was in her a faculty divine, and yet of daily life—it touched all things, but like a sunbeam, touched them with a "golden finger." Anything abstract or scientific was unintelligible and distasteful to her; her knowledge was extensive and various, but true to the first principle of her nature, it was poetry that she sought in history, scenery, character, and religious belief—poetry that guided all her studies, governed all her thoughts, colored all her conversation. Her nature was at once simple and profound; there was no room in her mind for philosophy, or in her heart for ambition—one was filled by imagination, the other engrossed by tenderness. She had a passive temper, but decided tastes; any one might influence, but very few impressed her. Her strength and her weakness alike lay in her affections; these would

sometimes make her weep at a word, at others imbue her with courage; so that she was alternately a "falcon-hearted dove," and "a reed shaken with the wind." Her voice was a sad, sweet melody, and her spirits reminded me of an old poet's description of the orange-tree, with its

"Golden lamps hid in a night of green,"

or of those Spanish gardens where the pomegranate grows beside the cypress. Her gladness was like a burst of sunlight; and if in her depression she resembled night, it was night wearing her stars. I might describe, and describe forever, but I should never succeed in pourtraying Egeria; she was a muse, a grace, a variable child, a dependent woman,—the Italy of human beings. Is it wonderful that I soon loved, even to idolatry, a being so contrasted with my former home and habits, yet appealing so exquisitely to my imagination, and fulfilling my visions. If it appear wonderful that she loved me, I can only say that it was so; yet nevertheless she gave me her whole heart, and never repented having done so. Her brother was kind and affectionate with all brotherly kindness; but he was attached to a young Italian lady, who had of course the first place in his thoughts: besides he was irritable, generous but not always gentle, and his occasional starts of temper made his sister somewhat fear him. I was to her a refuge, she was to me a life and presence, and we loved, regardless of the future: the new joy of a new care intoxicated my fancy; and she,

happy in to-day, left, with the child's wisdom, to-morrow to itself. For the first time I felt what it was to live; and yet, though we cultivated our tastes, refined our pleasures to the verge of fastidiousness, steeped our spirits in imaginative love, and fed our minds with intellectual beauty, we did not strengthen each other. Sometimes I felt this, and then gloomy fears, and spectral visions of pain and poverty would darken our sunny atmosphere. My father—my home—his certain displeasure—the imprudence, if not graver fault, of marrying without asking his permission;—when I dwelt on these things I was miserable. At such moments I half determined to return home and tell the whole truth, entreat permission to unite myself to the object of my affections, and faithfully promise to apply myself to business, like one who determines to be no longer a child. But then I must leave Egeria, and how did I know I should ever be permitted to return? what reason had I to suppose my father would forego his prejudices,—moral, national, and religious? My heart died within me—I recapitulated my apprehensions—they outweighed my hopes—

> But in the depths of those beloved eyes
> Still I saw—Follow, Follow!

I married Egeria, and then wrote to my father and Guise Stuart. With a fatal want of frankness I only told my father half the truth; namely, that I desired to unite myself to Egeria. To Guise Stuart, with a confidence equally fatal, I confessed that I was married

already, and that I trusted to his friendship so to break the matter to my father, and so to use his influence with him, that I might be forgiven the step, and placed in circumstances to support myself honorably. In other respects the letters were much like those written on similar occasions;—I was willing to return to duty, now I had followed the dictates of inclination. Conscious of Guise Stuart's influence, and trusting in his unbounded friendship, I awaited replies to my letters with comparatively little anxiety. They came, and their contents shocked and surprised me. My father's consisted of a few stern lines, expressing much and not unjust anger on the score of my imprudence, some horror at the idea of my choice, and finally informed me, that if I did not instantly return home and unreservedly resign the connection, with the exception of a hundred pounds, which would be remitted to me yearly, wherever I pleased to appoint, I must no longer consider myself his son. The communication from Guise Stuart, though much longer, and worded in most sympathetic terms, did not tend to raise my spirits. He deplored the step I had taken; deplored my father's anger, which he stated to be so violent that he had not yet ventured to communicate the fact of my being already married (this accounted for the wording of my father's letter), deplored my indisposition to business, which would, he feared, prevent his increasing my allowance; urged my remaining quietly where I was for the present; and told me, in a postscript, that he had been taken into partnership by my

father—which most unlooked-for event would, he rejoiced to think, enable him from time to time, to plead my cause, and eventually serve my worldly interests. Finally, he trusted that I would honor his friendship so far as to accept an enclosed bill on Signor Baptisto Capelli for fifty pounds. Considering that my friend Guise had found my misconduct a very profitable calamity, I did not scruple to appropriate his cash, but the future—I looked at Egeria, and my sigh was more for her than myself. We remained three years in Italy, living as we best might; not loving less, but proving that if exquisite and intellectual refinement renders poverty less repulsive in its exterior manifestations, the hidden suffering is proportionably increased. Like the fox of the Spartan boy, it is allowed to ravage without exciting outcries for assistance. After receiving those letters which followed the avowal of my condition, I wrote no more to England; I was too indignant; but the pride of idleness was gone, and the pride of manliness and the power of affection conspired to make me anxiously desirous of employment in the country that I now considered my own. Englishmen are, however, very useless away from their own people; and in Italy, native ciceroni and dependents on the arts are naturally preferred by foreign visitors. To commerce—once despised commerce—I turned my attention, and applied to Signor Capelli; but the worthy Baptisto knew that I was out of favor at home, independent of being no longer an accredited *chargé d'affaires;*—he treated me ac-

cordingly. Besides, he had personal reasons for wishing me at a distance from himself, his establishment, and even the city, in which disagreeable rumors might reach me concerning both. Civil, but unimpressible, he listened, condoled, and advised me to go home. Home!—what bitter feelings did the word excite!—feelings tinctured at once with remorse and anger, self-blame, and blame of others. Egeria only soothed and strove to reconcile me to my own conscience, whilst exerting all her powers to show me that elegance of mind can never be wholly at the mercy of straitened circumstances, that even over them it can strew flowers. She never endeavored to persuade me to return to England, for in matters of prudence she was a child, and we both loved Italy; it was her country, and mine for her sake, and for the sake of its own surpassing beauty. But though she never urged me to the step so natural in my circumstances, that of repairing direct to my father, with a manly and personal avowal of my errors, and a request, not for a maintenance out of his purse, but for an opportunity of making myself independent by my own exertions—she was anxious by the exercise of her own surpassing accomplishments to increase our pittance. She made the proposition—is it needful to say that it was received and repelled with a vehemence almost amounting to anger?—live upon the money earned by a woman—that woman my wife—and that wife Egeria!—I could far sooner have died than permitted such a reversal of the order of nature, such

a desecration of my dignity and her softness. With regard to my father, I might have continued proud and foolish much longer, but for the occurrence of a circumstance connected with that affection which alone had power to influence me. Fixed principles I had none; a standard of right and wrong, and impressions of duty, I had none; morally and intellectually I was governed by honorable instincts and imaginative impulses; my true, real, and only religion was—Egeria. The love of her was a worship. When therefore her health began to give way, my stubbornness gave way too, and I proposed our immediate voyage to England. In addition to the great reason which rendered this step advisable, I had a national prejudice in favor of the physicians of my native land; I was one of those who with little faith in medicine for themselves, have a great deal for their friends; one of those who make bad patients, but excellent nurses. London, from being the place I most hated, now came to be regarded as a perfect oasis, where, when once arrived, I was to repair all the misfortunes of my life. Egeria, languid from indisposition, and complying from natural temperament and induced affection, interposed no objection. Her brother was at Rome, married and pursuing his profession; he had no right to gainsay our departure, neither had he power to further it by assistance either of fortune or person, therefore he wrote us kindly adieus, and we set sail from Leghorn. The voyage was not favorable; we had been constrained to content ourselves

with an inferior vessel; the weather was squally; Egeria suffered greatly from sea sickness; and on reaching London—the fair haven of my imagination, I had the anguish of finding that she was much worse than when we left the Italian coast. I perceived too—for all who watch beloved invalids are rigid observers of surrounding countenances—that the people of the hotel where I first took her, looked as if they thought her very ill. These looks made me wretched; but the time precluded passive emotion by calling imperatively for action.

PART IV.

Yet here thy step has often been,
And here thy songs were sung;
Here were thy beating heart and lute,
Chord after chord unstrung;
Thy dying breath was on this air,
It hath not left its music there.

L. E. L.

My immediate care was to engage a lodging suited to our finances, and yet as little opposed as might be to my Egeria's delicacy, at once of health and taste. This was a difficult task, and my anxiety rendered it more so. I was not only fastidious concerning the situation, appearance, and condition of the house, but I was critical in my survey of the inmates, particularly the mistress, if I thought her at all likely to attend upon Egeria. A peevish, sordid, or even stupid countenance, was sufficient to deter me, and a rough or shrill voice equally impeded negociation. I spent many hours in thus wandering about in search of furnished lodgings, physiognomising landladies, and sighing over the straitened means that forbade me surround the being I delighted in, with the elegancies she deserved and the comforts she needed. At last, as

much to my surprise as satisfaction, I succeeded. The woman who answered my inquiries at a neat house, ——— Street, Brompton, had neither the air of semi-gentility that prepares you to expect presumption, nor that practised civility which is a frequent prelude to sordid imposition. She had plain, unpretending manners; her dress was unpretending; her features, though large and somewhat coarse, wore a sedate, cheerful expression, and she had a benevolent voice. This disposed me to like her rooms, but they, too, were furnished and arranged with much quiet taste; there were no tawdry screens, no vulgar drawings, or family portraits; the chairs were not inlaid, and the bell-pulls were free from embroidery:—a stand of plants, a vase of roses, and a few empty book-shelves, were all the decorations attempted. These lodgings I engaged. Our own little store of books and Italian ornaments soon gave an appearance of home to the tiny drawing room; and when Egeria was laid upon the sofa it could not be said to want elegance. Our inferiors are as much impressed by manner as we ourselves are. Egeria's winning softness, combined with her evident ill health, touched the benevolent landlady, and even her stout, awkward servant girl; the first smile and the first sentence were entrance-fees to their affections, and in a few days we were severally interested in each other.

> "All love is sweet,
> Given or returned. Common as light is love,
> And its familiar voice wearies not ever!"

After thus settling Egeria, my next care was to address Guise Stuart. Presuming him still my friend, not in the sense I once imagined, but still my friend in the way of worldly good-will, I wrote to him—begging that since my disobedience had been to his advantage, and placed him in affluence which amply reversed the attainder of his early years, he would once more, if for the last time, urge my father on my behalf, not so much on the ground of parental affection as common humanity. I described the state of my wife's health, the absolute necessity that she should have comforts and medical attendance, utterly unattainable in my present circumstances; I assured him that when she was restored to health, labor, even the labor I had once hated, would gladly be submitted to; but that till then, I neither could nor would leave her to be nursed by any hireling, however worthy of her hire. I also wrote to my father; but as if it were my fate to do right things in a foolish manner, instead of sending my letter through a direct channel, I again enclosed it in the one addressed to Guise Stuart. The communication itself was just what it should have been; I confessed my marriage, and entreated permission to wait upon him; I avowed, certainly, that we should soon be in distress without assistance, but I dwelt chiefly on my anxiety to repair my errors.

The day after dispatching my packet, Guise Stuart came to me; he reproached me for the coldness that tinctured my letter to him, was impressively respectful to Egeria, kind to myself; but yet through all, I felt the patron and the partner. We came to business.

He assured me that he had exhausted himself in pleading my cause with my father, but that he was inexorable in his refusal to see me. With regard to money, he was extending his mercantile concerns, and could make no increase to the allowance already promised; —in consideration, however, of my wife's state of health, he sent me a bank note for a hundred pounds. Guise Stuart added many words of consolation and condolence, on his own account, but by some accident they were lost upon me.

Thus we were left, my beloved and I; one a stranger in a strange land, the other an alien in the place of his nativity; but poverty being for the present removed out of sight, it was not in the power of man to distress us. Our attendants came to be considered as humble friends, and served us with a tender zeal that no money could recompense. I procured also the aid of an able physician, and Egeria took for my sake every medicine prescribed; but I have since discovered that the presentiment of death had fixed itself on her mind before she left Italy, and that nothing charmed it away. Her disease was an organic affection of the heart, requiring her to be kept in a state of entire quiescence, unharassed and unexcited; but she was a child of the south, and music was to her an absolute necessary of life. I played to her during a portion of every day; and sometimes she would overpower me by singing herself one of the lovely songs, with which she had been wont to wake the echoes in our Italian grotto, or which she had chaunted in some of our evening walks on the sea-shore, when the moon look-

ed down upon the deep, and the waves ran along the sands with bright and silent feet. These efforts fatigued her, and I discovered her waning strength by the increasing length of time that elapsed between each. I often entreated her to forego them wholly, but the request evidently pained her; so I listened in mournful silence to these notes of my dying swan, and when, to allay her fever, she would unbraid her lovely tresses and suffer them to lie floating on her shoulders, I was often glad to turn my head and make them a veil for my tears. I thought of the Portuguese poet Ribeyro, and his nightingale that died while singing on the branch of a tree overhanging a brook, and dropping therein with the fallen leaves, was carried away by the current. But the heart of my Egeria was not broken; she had, it is true, only few friends, and her country was afar; but her husband was with her, who loved her, and had never loved but once;— who would have humbled himself to the labor of a menial to preserve her from knowing an ungratified wish. My affection was not a common thing; it made her life a breeze, laden with pleasant sounds, but it could not unloose the fell gripe of disease. She grew worse, and I saw that she did so, and no longer petitioned the physician to deceive me with hope. How often did I think of Shelley's Rosalind, and apply to Egeria her description of the decay of Lionel:—

> His cheek became not pale but fair,
> As rose-o'ershadowed lilies are;
> And soon his deep and sunny hair,
> In this alone less beautiful,

Like grass in tombs grew wild and rare;
The blood in his translucent veins,
Beat not like animal life, but love
Seemed now its sullen springs to move,
When life had failed and all its pains;
And sudden sleep would seize him oft,
Like death, so calm, but that a tear,
His pointed eye-lashes between,
Would gather in the light serene
Of smiles, whose lustre bright and soft
Beneath lay undulating there.
His breath was like inconstant flame,
As eagerly it went and came;
And I hung o'er him in his sleep,
Till, like an image in the lake
Which rains disturb,—my tears would break
The shadow of that slumber deep:
Then he would bid me not to weep,
And say with flattery, false, yet sweet,
That death and he could never meet,
If I would never part with him.

Sweet flattery indeed! My beloved one never even mentioned the land of her nativity; never contrasted our skies, our palaces, our streets, with the glorious ones she had loved so well, till loving me better, she left them. The perception of beauty had not left her, but it had transfused itself into affection, and gave brightness to objects from which it would otherwise have shrunk with pain. When no longer able to leave her room, I used to call her, in sad sport, my captive princess; and she, in allusion to the costly flowers that, at any pains or expense, I constantly procured her, would bless the gaoler, whose fetters were so fragrant and so soft. Yes, we beguiled each other with the fancies of love, with remembrances of our

past happy union, with poetic visions, and elysian speculations concerning the dead—whether in their long sleep they dream of the living—whether their spirits ever float back to earth, and unseen by the remembered ones hover round them in the still, soft midnight; and if so, whether *we* might not again experience an interwoven existence. Vainly precious dreams !—bright melting mists !—etherial dying sounds! They beautified sorrow—they garlanded pain—they made death, like the Indian Cupid, string his bow with honey-bees, but they could not avert the arrow—it pierced the heart still. Egeria died, and I might not die with her. She died, and her remains were guarded with reverent affection; I closed her eyes myself; our humble friends shrouded her sweet form for the sepulchre; when the chamber was prepared, I went in and sat beside her couch, as if its occupant were only asleep, and I watching for the moment when I might say as heretofore, "How is it with thee, love !" I forbade the room to be darkened and then rendered gloomily light with tapers; an alabaster vase, filled with fresh and brilliant flowers, was placed at the bed's foot, and in the bitterness of my spirit I loved their mockery of man. They were an epitaph prepared by nature. It was the summer time, and throughout the night I sat alone with my dead, none daring to disturb the quiet of my grief, the communion of my soul with the departed. The whole house was hushed as if itself a grave, for those below shed their tears in silence. I shed none; I only look-

ed so steadfastly on the mortal marble before me, that at times I trusted I was changing to its semblance; but when I kissed the lips that could not now return the pressure, I felt that a gulf of existence yet remained between us.

At length, on the morning of the second day, the deep silence that surrounded me was suddenly broken, and I felt a new, strange sense of pain and anger. I heard voices in eager conversation below, and presently afterwards a slow, energetic step on the stairs; the idea of intrusion glanced through my mind, but I was like one chained, who wills to move and cannot. The door of the chamber opened—I turned my head and saw my father. I knew him instantly, but his presence awoke no emotion, not even surprise. I regarded him for a moment with a vacant look, then resumed my former attitude, and gazed as before on the dead. The old man looked at us both in silence; then he grasped my hand, bent down his head and kissed me; I heard him sob convulsively, and felt my face wetted with his tears.

"Speak to me, my son," said he; "speak to your father."

I pointed to Egeria—"Why were you not her's?" Pronouncing these few words seemed to break up the fountains of my spirit, hitherto sealed; consciousness, memory, anguish, madness, burst over me at once; and the frozen calm was succeeded by passionate tears, and loud and bitter lamentations. "Why are you here?—why are you here now?—leave me with

my dead wife, as you would have left me to pine in want with her when living—she who was fit for a princely mate, and yet loved *me*—the first—last—only being who ever blessed me with love. I want no money now —no father—no friend; it was for her I would have been your menial—for her, I say—where is she now? Oh, Death! Death!—take me too—take me from this cold and cruel world, where no one is left that loves me! Old man, leave me with my dead—are the living like her?"

As patiently as a mother soothes an infant, my father suffered me to exhaust myself in broken exclamations of anger against him, and love for the departed; when I became calm, he spoke to me in the language of endearment, still interrupted by sobs and tears. The scriptural figure was exactly illustrated, for he mourned over me, and was in bitterness, as one mourneth over an only son: whilst the reproaches he pronounced against himself, and the tender regret he expressed for me, were rendered touching in the extreme, by his white locks and furrowed cheeks. "Alas! alas!" said he, "who now shall trust in friend or brother, since a father's heart has been turned against his first born; since age has given ear to the words of a deceiver, and hid himself from his own flesh! Alas! my son, I have seemed cruel to thee as an ostrich of the desert; but I loved thee, my own boy, and all I did, I esteemed for thy welfare! Wo, wo to the deceiver!—to him who spoiled when he was not spoiled, and dealt treacherously when we dealt not

treacherously with him ; when he shall cease to spoil he shall be spoiled, and when he shall make an end to deal treacherously, others shall deal treacherously with him !"

" Then am I to understand, father, that you were ignorant of my being in England, and that you never received my letter of concession ?"

" I knew of neither, my child, or God forbid that I should have called myself a Christian, and yet have suffered thee to remain in want, or suppose me unforgiving."

" Father, she never wanted."

" How, then, were you supplied ?"

" The deceiver, as you call him, Guise Stuart, gave us money in your name, whilst he represented your anger as unappeasable, and said that you forbade me to approach your presence."

" May the Judge of all the earth forgive him his atrocious villainy, but I greatly fear I never shall !"

" Father, did he slander *her ?*"

The old man evidently wished to avoid answering the question, but I repeated it fiercely.

" He slandered both—nay, no violence—let us leave him, my son, and rejoice in each other ; oh, that we had always trusted freely as now ! He slandered both, and led me to believe you were living in Italy abandoned to shame ;—it was only this morning, by accident, and through a friend of your physician, that I discovered you were in England, in sorrow, and that she who lies dead there, was your virtuous, justly

loved wife. And now, Charles, let us forget the things that are past—our errors no less than our afflictions—and meekly kneeling on our knees, let us, beside this couch of death, mutually ask forgiveness, I of thee, and both of God. As to the deceiver, let us pray for grace to forget him. I have seen the wicked in great power, flourishing like a green bay-tree; but I passed by, and lo, he was not; I looked, and lo, his place was not found. His iniquity hath brought him wealth—but what of that? I will instantly separate myself from his polluting partnership; but I shall still have wealth, and all that I have is thine—live with me, my son, or separate from me—all shall be as thou wilt." And then with streaming eyes, and a broken, gentle voice, he drew me beside him, and poured forth to the Father of our spirits an interceding yet thanksgiving prayer. Neither before nor since have I ever heard a man so plead with his Maker—with such chastened energy at once of hope and humiliation—such thrilling and yet simple deprecation of all on earth, and even all in heaven, except the might and the mercy of Him who "only hath immortality, dwelling in the light which no man can approach unto." All that I had been wont to observe as stern, or rigid, or peculiar in my father, seemed to have vanished in the spiritual apprehension of that light; the dust—the dross—the weeds—the clay—the body, was cast off; only the soul appeared, asserting her sublime supremacy; and I felt in that hour to loathe the scepticism that clung to my spirit, for I saw there

was a difference between the righteous and the wicked —between him that feareth God and him that feareth him not.

My father watched over me like a tender nurse, till the hour came when Egeria must be laid in her tomb. There he followed her with me, taking care that then, and afterwards, she should be honored with all those memorials that wealth procures for the objects of affection, even after death. True to his word, he instantly dissolved his connection with Guise Stuart. Most other men would have been overwhelmed with confusion when their iniquity was discovered; but selfishness armed him against the reproaches of his own conscience, and consequently against those of our indignation. At present he is outwardly prosperous, but discord and unhappiness are in his family; no one respects him in society, and assuredly, if there be any truth in the assertion, that "whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap," Guise Stuart will not go down to his grave in peace. Ever since the death of Egeria my father has been my kindest friend; but, with every disposition to conciliate on one side, and conform on the other, the differences of opinion, taste, habit, and disposition, are yet too decided to allow of our living together with entire comfort. On certain points, he conceives me deplorably in error, but he pities now where once he blamed. He yet trusts that all will be well with me for time and for eternity, and there are moments when I trust so myself. "There is hope of a tree if it be

cut down, that it will sprout again, and that the tender branch thereof will not cease ; though the root thereof wax old in the earth, and the stock thereof die in the ground, yet through the scent of water, it will bud and bring forth boughs like a plant." Whether I am a tree cut down, or one for ever scattered by the lightning, time must discover. At present—

> " I love, but I believe in love no more ;
> I feel desire, but hope not!"

THE

HISTORY OF A REALIST.

A visage stern and mild, where both did grow
Vice to contemn, in virtue to rejoice;
Amid great storms, whom grace assured so,
To live upright, and smile at fortune's choice.

A heart where dread was never so imprest,
To hide the thought that might the truth advance,
In neither fortune lost, nor yet represt,
To swell in wealth, or yield unto mischance.

Lord Surrey.

PART I.

A very decisive man has probably more of the physical quality of a lion in his composition than other men.

FOSTER'S ESSAYS.

THE family of the Wintons was one of a true old English stock, and if not mentioned in history, deserved, from its age and worth, to be esteemed historical. In the reign of Henry VIII., the head of the family was knight of the shire, wrote his name with the chivalrous *De* prefixed to it, and was famous in the tilt-yard at Whitehall. In the days of the maiden queen, another De Winton distinguished himself under Sir Philip Sydney, in the low countries; and like the military ancestor of Sir Roger de Coverley, "played on the bass-viol as well as any gentleman at court,"—though whether like him he hung up his bass-viol beside his basket-hilted sword, the family annals do not declare. Perhaps his taste for the arts of peace, in addition to more warlike propensities, was derived from his accomplished general. During the Stuart reigns the family was greatly impoverished; one representative received the honor of knighthood from King James, after entertaining that monarch and his

suite on his first journey from Scotland, and also the neighborhood for twenty miles round, who flocked to drink wine to his honor:—a costly service and a cheap boon. Then, in the days of Charles, came the civil war, and the De Wintons, even to the last cousin, some from principle, some from fashion, some from family pride, and some for want of any reason at all, were thorough cavaliers; singing, swearing, fighting, and suffering, till quieter times left them leisure to discover how much their loyalty had dilapidated their estates. What the locust left, the caterpillar destroyed; in other phrase, the restoration completed what the rebellion begun; first, in the mad festivities it induced among the cavaliers, and next, in idle hunting after court favor, which, promised to all, descended upon very few, and amongst those few, *not* the De Wintons. In the reign of Queen Anne, a bounty (not her majesty's) made its way to their failing coffers, which bounty, though agreeable for its own sake, was distasteful for the donor's. A worthy citizen of Bristol, a younger son of a younger son, who had had the good sense to drop the aristocratic *De* and enter into trade, died immensely rich, and a bachelor. He founded a school, and endowed a hospital; and then, with a dying sparkle of personal and family pride, bequeathed forty thousand pounds to the head of his house, clogged, however, with the condition—that half of it should be settled on the second son, who should be brought up as a Bristol merchant, and his eldest son after him. In default of

sons, a daughter was to marry a Bristol merchant; if there were no children at all, the twenty thousand pounds was to pass, on the same conditions, to the next nearest branch of the family. By this whimsical particularity, the dying testator thought he had provided the world with a succession of Bristol merchants, out of his family, till "the crack of doom;" and having so done, he died with a complacent sense of his claims upon heaven. Forty thousand pounds was not a sum to be despised in Queen Anne's time, or by a falling family at any time:—the legacy was accepted, the condition execrated and complied with. As time wore on, the diffusion of wealth and intelligence undermined the offensive parts of the laws of *caste;* the Bristol merchants made fortunes, respected themselves, and cared little for the respect of their aristocratical relatives. The esquires of the race were less fortunate; they were always politicians, and though a place under government occasionally rewarded their faithfulness to all ministers and all measures, two contested elections were, as one expressed it, civil wars without bloodshed—excepting that, the family found them as costly. It is not, however, with the county De Wintons that we are concerned; our business lies with a scion of the unadorned Wintons of Bristol, Reginald and his family. Reginald's father died rich; he was a thorough man of business, was proud of, and loved it, for its own sake; was fond of quoting the scriptural descriptions of Tyre, and never forgot the expression, "whose merchants were princes;" But Regi-

nald his son, who, according to the letter of the bond, was brought up to tread in his footsteps, could not be endowed with his energy and judgment. He was sanguine and speculative, yet indolent and rash; loved show, loved his ease, and yet withal, loved great undertakings. Whilst his father lived, he was under a controlling influence; and, though a partner, could neither spend nor speculate to any injurious extent. But his father died at last; and then Reginald, with all sails set, followed the bent of his genius, which lay towards ruin: he made two desperate speculations, and in six months was obliged to call his creditors together, and failing to compound with them, pass through the Gazette. He was the first of his race to whom such a disgrace had ever happened; and he was surprised and shocked, with as much emotion as a weak mind is capable of experiencing. What would old Humphrey Winton, the merchant of Queen Anne's times, have said! His unfortunate successor inwardly rejoiced that death effectually precluded any reproaches from that quarter; there was another from which he received them daily. His wife and two daughters, who, to do them justice, had made ample inroads on his fortune while such existed, now threw themselves upon him with their several burdens of weak and selfish disappointment. Mrs. Winton wept for her carriage and livery servants—the young ladies for their ball-dresses and hours of idleness. The whole family contained but one mind; that one, however, was a host. Reginald had a son unlike himself in every

particular; Richard, the said son, resembled his grandfather, and indeed, owed to him many of his best habits; but Providence, who no more suffers weakness to be hereditary than genius, had, in the very structure of his mind, formed him for greatness. Greatness is a relative term, must be judged of by comparison, and has reference to the spirit and style of action, more than to positive splendor of result. "Greater is he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city," was said by one who knew the comparative difficulty of both undertakings; but Richard Winton had to rule several spirits, who had no idea that anything could be good unless it were agreeable. Father, mother, and sisters, implicitly depended on him for strength, and with all the consciousness of incapacity, appealed to him for counsel; but then, they could neither enter into his views, understand his character, or be persuaded to adopt his plans. These, whilst his father was fortunate, he had no right to enforce; after his bankruptcy, the old gentleman recommenced business, and certainly did something for his family, till mourning after his vanished credit, and once magnificent power of speculating, he fretted away the little energy he ever had. He built commercial castles in the air; schemed, instead of acting; and yet, with tenacious irritability, refused to let his son take advantage of those fortunate conjunctions of circumstance that strong minds see and seize upon in a moment.

At last, however, he wore out; second childhood

came on, he had a paralytic stroke, and Richard became, in a most mournful manner, undoubted master in his father's house, the sole means of support the family had to look to. Then, the power of mind and character began to tell on their prospects; fortune, like the fiery steed that obeys a bold, and runs restiff with a timid rider, suddenly seemed to become propitious; and it quickly appeared that unless providential obstacles occurred, Richard Winton was likely to restore the credit of his house, and die like his grandfather, a rich and respected man. All that Mrs. Winton and her daughters thought of was returning to their old habits of life. But perhaps a simple delineation of an evening scene, soon after the brightening up of the family affairs, may give the reader a better idea of Richard's views and character, than a more elaborate description of either. The poor paralytic father sat in his now invariable place, an arm chair by the fire side, rocking to and fro, and bearing in his countenance too evident marks of mental imbecility. His wife sat opposite him, leaning her head on her hand, with a certain deplorable air of fine-lady fretfulness. The two young ladies require no especial description, since their duplicates exist by thousands; one was working, the other reading—the work a lace veil, the book a silly tale. Richard alone seemed occupied in thought; he walked up and down the parlor for some time, with the air of a man debating with himself.

"Richard, love, do sit down; you make my head ache," said the mother.

Richard finished his turn across the room, then did as he was requested, and apparently resumed his reflections.

"Richard, love," recommenced Mrs. Winton, "how are things going at the counting-house?"

"Very satisfactorily, ma'am."

"I am very glad to hear it; but that is not what I want to talk about. I have a little favor to beg, Richard; Caroline (this was the lace-worker) has been invited to the mayor's private ball—very polite indeed, considering how we looked down upon them once; but, as I was saying, she has not a dress fit to appear in—she, a Miss Winton!—and Louisa (this was the reader) is invited to Mrs. Delamere's, to meet that Signor—Signor what, my dear?—from Italy:—and here,—I really am sorry to trouble you, Richard, love, but I *must* have twenty pounds for these and some other trifling things. Nay, now don't look grave upon your mother, Richard. Caroline and Louisa have been out so much lately—poor things!—that their allowance is, I know, all gone, and the house-money—really, Richard, you get so shabby, one is quite miserable, and I am sure you are doing better at the warehouse than you will let us know. Ah!—you have a snug twenty pounds in your pocket for me. Your poor father never used to question me as to what I did with the money."

"Do I, mother?"

"No, but then you make a regular allowance, and a very scanty one, let me tell you, considering what

we have been used to. What would our Westmoreland relations think of our way of living? Then you will permit no bills—no credit—and we might have *that*, you are doing so well, and will do so much better: —do, Richard, let us have a little comfort of our lives."

"I would rather you had a great deal, mother."

"Thank you, Richard, love; then you will give me the twenty pounds before you go out to-morrow morning?"

"Gladly, mother, if—"

"If what?"

"If I did not feel that it was my duty just at present to set aside my wishes, and be governed wholly by principle."

"Principle—what stuff!" thought the mother.

"Stuff, indeed!" thought her daughters.

After having in her own mind pronounced principle to be stuff, Mrs. Winton returned, in various ways, to her attack on her son's purse. He was perfectly kind and calm, but wholly unmoved. As a last resource, or to do her sincerity justice, as an expression of real anger, she burst into tears; the poor paralytic continued rocking to and fro in happy unconsciousness; his daughters laid down their respective occupations, and looked very cross—a pretty family circle for a tired man! Richard drew his chair close beside his mother, and taking her hand, began to speak in a kind but inflexible voice, and with the unruffled countenance of a man who knows he is doing right, and intends to persevere in doing so.

"My dear mother, I wish I could get you to look at my conduct with the eyes of your reason. You blame my meanness, have you considered my motives?"

"O trumpery motives! Yes, a pretty tale indeed! —to think it possible even, or necessary even, to get, and spend, and save enough to pay your father's debts! Was he not made a bankrupt?—did he not give up every thing?—did he not pay ten shillings in the pound, a very handsome dividend as times go?—are not the creditors satisfied?—and is not every thing we get now lawfully our own?"

"Yes, but not honorably, so long as I know that any one can reproach my father and my father's name with debts only partially paid. I quarrel with no man's ambition; I have mine—the ambition of honesty. I do not even quarrel with your fancy for our old style of living, or with Caroline's for dress, or Louisa's for romances; I may and do personally prefer others—"

Each of the ladies interrupted the speaker with an angry defence of her peculiar taste.

When they were silent, Richard resumed his remarks just as if no one had spoken. "I may and do personally prefer others; but under different circumstances I would throw no obstacles in the way; I do not mean to deny that, commercially speaking, I am doing well, *very* well—that many friends, with no bond but such as is afforded by their confidence in me, have given me their support—that my prospects are good."

"And yet you refuse your mother a paltry twenty pounds, and expect us all—all, I say—to live and find

every thing on three hundred and fifty pounds a year, except what you allow your sisters."

"I really feel obliged to say I do."

"When, may be, you are laying by as much as that?"

"Four times as much."

Mrs. Winton and her daughters uttered each an exclamation of surprise and displeasure.

"And not one farthing of all this," continued Richard, "do I consider ours—not one farthing *will* I consider ours, till the last creditor who received a dividend from my father, three years ago, has received an equal one from me, his son."

"What absurdity!—what cruel folly!—what would any one say who heard you speak in this manner!—to let yourself and family live as they do one moment after there was no absolute necessity! If you were laying by the money for yourself, or if you were married, and only allowed us half what you do, I should say nothing; but here, when you will not condescend to make up your match with Sophia, but go lingering on as you do, month after month, year after year, trifling with a woman's affections—a woman that you were once engaged to——"

"*I* trifle, madam!—well, no matter; mother, you do not understand me, but Sophia does, and mark me, *she* is satisfied."

"Yes, because she is just such another heroic simpleton as yourself! I have no patience—I wonder at your want of family pride!"

"I am afraid I have rather too much than too lit-

tle of that article: for instance, I am anxious to wipe the stain of bankruptcy from the name of the only Winton who ever suffered it. At all events, *I will try;* I am not in the place of Providence, I am only a human being, subject to disease, liable to death, frail in body, fallible in judgment; but I *am* a human being, gifted with reason, with a will to determine, and with sinews to execute; other men have dared, suffered, and achieved, in spite of all opposition and all obstacles, and why should not I?—they took their purpose to their hearts, lived, and were ready to die for it; mine may be of a humble nature, but it is mine still, and shall have just the same devotion of mind, and soul, and strength. Providence may hinder me of success—if *he* set himself against me, I know that I must submit; but short of that, mother, my purpose is become my fate; but in effecting that purpose, believe me, I wish to impose no needless restrictions on your comfort—I wish I could have them all to my own share."

Mrs. and the two Miss Wintons were not calculated to compete with a character like the one who could so speak, and he remained, as usual, master of the field. Neither mother nor daughters were unkind or ill-intentioned; but they were weak people, and weakness never looks beyond the present moment; they loved pleasure supremely, and could not, of course, regard anything complacently that interfered with its claims: Richard, on the contrary, loved principle supremely, and he felt as little complaisance towards the interfer-

ence of pleasure. As he possessed all the pecuniary, in addition to all the intellectual power, he invariably carried his determinations into effect, but not without much angry remonstrance on the part of his mother, and many sullen fits in the persons of his sisters. Not being willing to comprehend his motives, explain them how he would, they found it easier to accuse him of meanness and want of affection; but the knowledge of this injustice never wore out his patience. No rational person could doubt the kindness of a man who devoted himself to business like a slave, not for his own individual benefit, but for his family, with whom he had no ideas in common; who denied himself all recreation, postponed his marriage even at the risk of seeming dishonorable, and watched over his necessary expenses as jealously as if in actual want; yet allowed that family the real comforts of life, and only required them to be contented without its luxuries.

It is true, Richard Winton had a profound contempt for sentiment, or, to speak more accurately, did not know the meaning of it. He recognized nothing that did not come under the head of duty; and whilst he had, as we have seen, a hidden store of passion and energy, that creatures of mere emotion cannot conceive of, it was all consecrated to action, such species of action as his understanding could approve. The encouragements necessary to weaker characters were troublesome to him; smiles and sympathy pleased him as little as contradiction and reproaches annoyed him. Yet he was not ungentle in his demeanor, not deficient

in feeling; his determined perseverance and leonine energy were perfectly quiet; he could love, too, but only through his understanding; and let the admission derogate from the interest of his character how it may, he was incapable of being subdued by soul-engrossing tenderness. He was not to be caressed, but one to be esteemed and trusted by his friends—followed and obeyed by his dependents; he was so in his sphere, and would have been so, in an equal measure, had that sphere been a kingdom.

The Sophia to whom his mother alluded, was a lady to whom he had been engaged before his father's bankruptcy; on the occurrence of that event he instantly released her from her promise, and when he found that her heart had no wish to avail itself of such liberty, frankly laid before her his intentions, with regard to the future payment of his father's debts, and as firmly persisted in considering their contract at an end.

Her character is sufficiently described when it is said that she was worthy to be his wife. She appreciated his character, approved his determination, and felt that to be deliberately admired by such a man was in itself a title of honor. Without any formal declaration, still less any re-engagement, but by the tacit understanding which unites noble natures, both parties knew the situation, feelings, and intentions of the other. "When he has satisfied the claims of integrity he will again ask me to be his wife," was the secret impression of one;—"I can depend on her

constancy, however tried," was the silent conviction of the other. Their love was not a delirium of the imagination, but a grounded, settled, trusting, trustworthy friendship, that, whether successful or not, would only be annulled by death. The romantic Miss Louisa Winton laughed at the want of sensibility manifested by her brother and Sophia. Accustomed to a succession of attachments, each ungovernable, and each dying within the twelve-month, *she* could not understand that it is the nature of deep affections to be serious.

PART II.

Reason frowns on him who wastes that reflection on a destiny independent of him, which ought to be reserved for actions of which he is the master.

SIR J. MACKINTOSH.

To people who are occupied in any worthy pursuit that has reference to the future, time passes rapidly, and there are no cureless sorrows except to those who spend life in watching their emotions. Richard Winton's was a plain life, but it was essentially active and useful; and the mind and motives of the man dignified what might otherwise have seemed a plodding desire of gain. Early and late he was to be found at his post, bending the whole faculties of his powerful mind to open new resources, and avail himself to the utmost of those already within his reach: he did not, because his father had speculated to his ruin, therefore renounce speculation altogether; he did not treat fortune like a divinity, nor did he consider circumstances as omnipotent; but believed and proved that reason and energy will, in most instances, bend both to their service. Four more years elapsed; and at

the end of that period he was enabled to hand over to his father's creditors half the dividend which he trusted ultimately to pay. The day on which he did so was a happy, but could not be called a proud one; for he simply considered himself fulfilling a duty, which it gave him pleasure to fulfil, but which, however painful, would have been fulfilled as punctually. On the same day his sister Louisa was married to the last of her endless string of lovers; and during her honey-moon, Caroline, her bride-maid, received an offer; so that altogether it was what Mrs. Winton called "a red-letter day." But, independent of commercial success, Richard Winton's reputation grew and prospered, and this gradually reconciled his mother to a measure that on abstract principles she continued unable to comprehend. He was universally esteemed, as a man who united a sound head to a sound heart; and his advice was not only sought by persons in difficulty, but adopted. At public meetings, when he thought it expedient to take a part in their business, on committees, and in commissions of bankruptcy, the united influence of his solid judgment and proved integrity, invariably made his opinion a rallying point for numbers, often of more external consequence than himself; and many a flowery oration withered away before half a dozen of his unvarnished periods. His good sense operated like genius. Withal he was plain Richard Winton, and did magnanimous things in a way that made them look matters of course. To him they were so. Immediately on his father's bank-

ruptcy he sold the contents of a laboratory and library, presented to him by his grandfather; and, though undoubtedly his own property, added them to the general estate. When he afterwards, as we have seen, paid off by his own exertions a portion of the remaining debts, he did it in his father's name, not his own; he did not pay the money to be praised, but because he considered it right to pay it; and the creditors, who to a man guessed the truth, honored him the more for making his integrity a silent virtue. He had his reward, not in the presentation of a piece of plate, which must in itself have recorded the family disgrace (such *he* thought it) but in the additional confidence reposed in him by the leading men of all parties, on all occasions, and in the readiness which was shown to further his wishes whenever he condescended to ask a favor for others.

In saying that our hero's life had hitherto been prosperous, it is not intended that no drawbacks intervened; he had his lets and hindrances, but he had a high degree of that most simple, but rare virtue—patience; and having settled it with himself that prudent deliberation and active exertion, not results, concerned him, he walked through life with calm and cheerful energy, bearing up under its cares and fulfilling its duties. Another distinctive mark of such a mind is a power of steady self-devotion to one object at a time, and a sedulous abstinence from attempting any other till the original one is accomplished; presuming, of course, that no omnipotent obstacle inter-

venes. During the years that have been glanced at in our realist's life, he had often been tempted, both by good fortune and bad, to delay his purpose; a partnership was proposed to him that promised to enrich him ultimately more than even if successful he could be enriched by remaining alone;—but then it would make a few years' difference in the attainment of the *great* object of his life, and he declined. An appointment was offered him in India, more than equal to his returns in commerce;—but then his personal expenses would be increased, and in going and returning he would lose time; so that still regarding the offer with reference to his cherished purpose, he declined it. At one period Sophia's health began to fail; scandal assigned suspense as the cause, and blamed him in no measured terms. This trial he felt as one; the injurious opinions of others he cared nothing about; but the fact of Sophia's illness, and the suspicion that he might be doing wrong by not openly re-avowing his attachment, by not openly proclaiming his intention to the world, gave him acute pain. Indecision is the purgatory of a decided character, and for some days he was undecided. He could not bear the idea of swerving from his determination to involve himself in no new duties till he had fulfilled what to him appeared a primary one; still less could he bear the idea of making the woman he loved, and who so well deserved his love, ill and unhappy. At last he acted like himself, and requested a private interview, wherein each party asked for, and

was told, the simple truth, and though it concerned what is technically termed a delicate subject, both did so without any compromise of dignity.

"Sophia, your state of health, what I have lately seen of it, and what I hear, makes me both anxious and uneasy; the reports which are abroad—and I know you too well to believe you will affect ignorance of them—do not tend to relieve either my anxiety or uneasiness;—I come to you, therefore, as to one whom my understanding, as well as heart admires, to know whether it rests with me to relieve or serve you —because if *you* tell me so, I am ready to do so any hour."

"This is an unusual mode of address, Mr. Winton."

"Very true; but you are an unusual woman, Sophia. To say I do *not* come to ask you this question out of vanity would be to insult myself, and if I *did* come out of vanity I should insult you:—Sophia, I had determined that I never would renew our old engagement until I had paid every farthing owed by my father—I will not say I have loved you, because I love you now just as I did nine years ago—just as I shall nine years hence—"

"Say no more, Richard, it is enough—all is well. I never ought to have doubted, or to have felt pained by the imputations cast upon either of us."

"Sophia, I repeat deliberately, though in simple phrase, I love you. Now I place my future conduct, in reference to yourself, at your disposal. A man at

five and thirty, with some grey hairs on his head, ought to speak the truth with simplicity."

"There are many grey hairs," replied Sophia, mournfully; and oh, Richard, if you have battled well with the world, it has at least worn you—thinking of this has tried me most; for I have thought you proud, because you would not let me comfort even if I could not assist you."

"My dear friend ——" a momentary sensation of choking came over the strong-minded man, "My dear friend, I have not wanted comfort, I had so much to do, and so many motives to exertion, but I am afraid if I stay with you I shall need strengthening; so once for all, will you, can you, trust me for a few years longer?"

"I can—I will."

"But, Sophia, are you assured that you *can?* You have less to occupy you than I have, and being a woman, have a less strong frame, though not a whit a less strong mind; will you dismiss your anxieties about my grey hairs?—will you have no fears for *me?*"

"I can—I will."

"Then all is well, and I go back to the labor of mind and body, with a load of care removed from both. I go relieved and happy."

"And now," thought the intrepid man, "I can defy all things; my only earthly master is my reason, and my own conscience my court of justice. I am not to swerve from obeying one and satisfying the

other because fools taunt and voluptuaries laugh—I will finish as I have begun; I am not working for praise, why, therefore, should I care for reproach?" After this interview, one thing he certainly did—he began to allow himself a little more of Sophia's company than he had hitherto thought advisable; and once, after a conversation on decision of character, he said to her at parting—"Sophia, you are a woman, yet you incite me to persevere." She neither blushed nor looked embarrassed, but extending her hand, replied firmly and with meaning—"Strong minds, whether in man or woman, can afford to wait for their recompense." Let no sensitive, self-indulgent person imagine that Richard Winton's life was miserable, because he was tied and bound by the strong chain of purpose to a perpetual course of self-denying duties—because enjoyment was postponed to a future day, and his mature manhood passed in a state of comparative discipline and drudgery. He had less leisure than he liked; for though the antithesis of a mere man of taste, he could have employed leisure in a manner highly creditable to his intellect. Poetry, criticism, and fiction he was certainly conversant with in a very limited manner, but a man may perchance be an honorable though not a fascinating member of society, who yet esteems such productions in the light of toys for grown-up children—a species of intellectual bat and ball with which he has no time to amuse himself. But our realist quarrelled with no one for finding that delight in exercises of imagination, which

he himself could only find in action; nay, he was willing to admit, that in its highest efforts imagination was capable of lofty use, and deserving of heroic praise. But the making taste a mere aid to luxury and excuse for indolence, making imagination a pretence for being unhappy, he hated and scorned; and the refinement that esteems every one vulgar who can condescend to be happy and useful in this homely world, he ridiculed without compunction. His attention was drawn to the subject by the interest he took in the welfare of a clever, interesting, but not healthy-minded youth, a brother of Sophia's:—he looked over the authors whom this boy made his apostles, and found Rousseau, the "self-torturing, wild enthusiast," at their head. His comments were somewhat in the style of Mr. Burchell's on the super-eminent gentility of Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Scroggs and her friend of quality, but some of his remarks were supported by reasons, and by a display of candor, very tolerable in a determined man of fact.

"My dear boy," said the censor, "I am willing to admit that my own mind, from natural construction, and from the tendency of cirumstances, is deficient in a certain susceptibility to graces of style and play of fancy. No collocation of words or images would make me thrill either with rapture or horror, and all the fiction that ever was put up in calf-skin, to me *is* fiction—nothing more. You may say that I am very like honest Nicholas Blount, who affronted young Walter Raleigh by considering the Thames a very

good river, and the sun a very good light; and I don't mean to say but that a *little* more imagination might improve me; but, situated as I am, perhaps I secretly dote on its absence. Be that as it may, do, my dear good lad, 'clear your mind of cant'—that especial branch of cant I mean which pourtrays taste and genius in hatbands and scarves following the funeral of departed happiness."

"Mr. Winton, this is not fair. The melancholy of sensibility is not selfish; for its main cause is the presence of evil that we may lament, but cannot remedy."

"Yes, in some measure, you may. Flannel waistcoats will keep out cold—food will alleviate hunger."

"Mere bodily suffering!—the mind—the mind—but you reasoners always despise mental afflictions."

"Young man, I despise *no* suffering—the self-inflicted tortures derived from the imagination are not imaginary—would they were! But I do and will despise the spirit of glorying in them, as proofs of power and signs of superiority, and which, even when awakened to a moral consciousness of their folly and evil, refuses to minister to itself. Sir, men may talk as eloquently as they please concerning ruined minds and broken hearts, but unless there be physical disease, the human being is contemptible who does not, in some degree, lift himself, or rather, suffer Providence to lift him, out of any state of despondency, however low. Melancholy is totally opposed to greatness, to reason, to religion. No man ever achieved anything worth talking about, however superior his intellect to begin with,

who had not in general a healthy state of spirits, resulting from 'a hand full of employment, and a head not above it.' You cannot fancy Martin Luther in a fit of sadness because the leaves that are green in spring turn yellow in autumn; nor can you fancy Lord Chatham praying, like one of your favorites, to be 'a dead leaf,' or 'a swift cloud,' to fly with the west wind, not for the sake of seeing the world, but in order to be unconscious and passive!"

"Mr. Winton, you are unjust; you do not understand us. People who regard only the surface of things may be happy: the present, with its passing pageantry, contents them; but those who pierce below that surface——"

"And refuse to pierce the clouds above them," interrupted the determined antagonist, "cannot very well help being lachrymose members of society. Now, William, will you favor me, your friend, though, as you think, a very rough one, by writing down, in juxta-position, the sorrows you have suffered, and the worthy deeds you have done."

"I am speaking, Sir, of the sufferings we behold; the change—the blight—the weariness—the restlessness—the satiety—"

"Bless my heart, William, how many more acquaintances you have in the world than I have! Well then, as you are only philanthropically melancholy, fill the two columns with parallel notices of the sorrows you have witnessed, and the efforts—efforts, mind, not wishes—that you have made to lessen their number,

and if you make out a good case, I will in future believe that St. Paul preached the gospel, that Alfred cleared his kingdom of the Danes, and Peter the Great reformed his people, all, as our poor townsman Chatterton sung—

'All under the willow tree.'"

"But, Sir, it is impossible for me to resemble any of the examples you conjure up for my edification. I am not an apostle, and never shall be a king."

"Fair and softly, William; no one expects miracles;—but you *can* do your duty in that state of life in which you are placed, and then, trust the word of a man who has had his trials, you will take a sounder view of human existence, and find, that if it contains enough to make us ultimately willing to leave it, it also contains enough to make us comfortable while we remain in it."

"All which has nothing to do with our opening argument, relative to imaginative literature; what is beautiful in that will always in the main be mournful. Happiness does not yield such rich materials for the purposes of poetry as sorrow."

"Then let us be satisfied with prose?"

"That is a verbal quibble, because even the prose of imaginative minds must be full of poetry."

"I believe, in my conscience, my young man, that you are libelling a faculty of the human mind, and I trust time will show you that you do. I think a time will come when you will delight more than you do

now in the representation of states of moral triumph, struggles with temptation and suffering, but eventual conquest. You will better love the delineations of "melancholy fear subdued by faith"—the portraitures of the better part of our nature subduing the baser—delirious passion, fantastic woes, and theatrical remorse, will not form your staple plots of fiction—beauty and sorrow will, I confidently hope, sue out a divorce, love and death will be suffered to have a separate existence. Ah, you may laugh, but your favorite heroes will have infinitely less of the cap-and-feather air of desperation, joined to the green and yellow look of melancholy; but now, good morning, for I can't waste another moment on the subject—remember the columns."

The youth whose fine fancies were thus rigorously dealt with, knew that Richard Winton was essentially and at heart the best friend he had, and independent of a sense of obligation, and pleased pride consequent on being noticed by a man so much his senior, he reverenced his friend's energy much as a dwarf might look with admiring envy on the stature of a descendant of Goliath of Gath. It was a friendship between a mouse and a lion, with a happier termination than befel the one in the fable. In addition to his chief recommendation, that of being so nearly related to Sophia, the youth had merits of his own, and gave promise, if his enthusiasm for his friend continued, of being moulded into a valuable character. That enthusiasm, notwithstanding the difference of age and in-

tellect, was no wise remarkable. Richard Winton gave no quarter to his erroneous opinions, but in things indifferent he humored his tastes, and many instances might be given illustrative of this good nature and simplicity ; but one shall suffice.

At the period of the threatened invasion on the part of France, when all places, great and small, assumed a military aspect, and when the thoughts, even of the most peaceful, became warlike, a volunteer corps was raised in Bristol, and the command offered to Richard Winton. He felt the compliment, but declined it, suggesting that it should be conferred on some one of higher rank. He was then requested to choose his own commission. His reply was short and characteristic :—" Gentlemen, I am perfectly ready to fight should the time come which renders fighting necessary ; but I can do that just as well in the ranks as if my name were graced with a title ; by serving in the ranks, too, my example may be of some service ;—let the epaulettes go to a younger man, who may feel prouder of them than I fear I should ; and, if I may resign in favor of any one in particular, I would wish my young friend, William Sydney, to have a subordinate commission. He is very young, it is true, but I ask the favor because I am fond of the lad, and only hope the honor may not drive him crazy." The request was instantly complied with, and *Lieutenant* William Sydney flung away Rousseau, and gave his whole soul to gratitude and the drill. However, the

French, to his sorrow, never made their appearance; and in due course military sights and sounds disappeared from the streets and souls of the pacific inhabitants of Bristol.

Meanwhile, the three years, at the close of which Richard trusted to be a free man, were fast drawing to a close; the world went well with him, and he had derived from his self-denials a rich if sober reward. The goal was now in view. His father was dead, his two sisters married, and his mother had the unquestioned permission to live in any way she pleased, always premising that no "snug twenty pounds" would ever travel from Richard's purse to hers, over and above the old three hundred and fifty a-year. But the diminution of the family circle was tantamount to an accession of income, and she rejoiced in a magnificent party every Christmas, at which her son complimented her by doing the honors of the evening, with his least serious face and best blue coat. Old Mrs. Winton had learnt to be proud of her son, and she repaid his Christmas compliance by making him comfortable all the rest of the year. The well known understanding, if not engagement, between himself and Sophia, provoked from time to time much poor wit amongst a multitude of witlings, male and female, over tea and after; but the very best of the jokes were, to the parties on whom they were lavished, as significant as Lilliputian arrows shot against the great wall of China. The friends (we cannot call them by the desecrated

name of lovers) knew themselves and knew each other; they continued to meet, to confide, to look forward, and at last to feel certain that a few more months would unseal the lips of each, repay them for every sacrifice, and allow them to tread together the remainder of their path through life.

PART III.

Nobly planned
To warn, to comfort, and command.
WORDSWORTH.

MR. SYDNEY, Sophia's father, was Richard Winton's banker; the mere fact of such relationship would not have weighed with a cool-judging man in the place of capital and credit; but satisfied that Mr. Sydney possessed a sufficiency of these commercial good qualities, private feeling naturally induced a preference which apparently involved no risk.

Mr. Sydney was what may be termed an honorable man of the world; he valued reputation in a keen but common-place manner; less as a thing having reference to high, grave, sober principle, than as an affair of credit; as made for and by the world; as giving a man consequence in the eyes of his neighbors, and a hold on their good opinion. From his heart he honored the conduct of the man whom he one day expected to have for his son-in-law, and would have wished to imitate it had the case been his own, but he never would have carried those wishes into effect; he was of too nervous a temperament, too sensitive to

opinion; he would have enjoyed the hour of triumph most thoroughly, but he could not have wrought for it through the toil, and blame, and burden of many days; he could not have denied himself indulgences by the way. Sophia, his eldest daughter, had reached a period of life, when, without any lack of filial regard, a child may be permitted to entertain her own projects; when, having deliberately counted their cost and made her decision, she has a right to be free even from parental importunity. Sophia was no young lady who, so far from knowing what is best for her, is almost ignorant as to what she would herself like to have and be; but a matured *woman*, whose "reason firm and temperate will" entitled her to the respect of her own family, and procured her in an especial manner, their confidence. Her father, satisfied that his daughter's attachment was no obstinate whim, neither joked nor blamed the prolonged duration of her constancy, or of Richard's probation; convinced, too, that the parties were, from age and character, amply able to take the care of their own prosperity and happiness, he, with wise delicacy, abstained even from asking a single question on the subject of their anomalous relation to each other. Perhaps one great help to such wisdom and delicacy was his perfect satisfaction with the large sums that our hero left to accumulate in his hands; and further, a shrewd suspicion that no liberties would be tolerated, even on the part of Sophia's parent. They continued, therefore, on perfectly cordial terms, although one could not understand his neighbor's nervous impa-

tience of reproach, however futile, and the other wondered equally at his friend's calm unconsciousness of the existence of such a thing as opinion. "What will the world say?" never crossed the mind of one, and tinctured all the thoughts and feelings of the other. It is necessary to bear this in mind for the due understanding of a particular scene, in which both were actors, and one emphatically a sufferer.

The period which had so long been waited, so patiently worked for, was just on the point of receiving its completion. Richard had paid into the bank the last hundred pounds of the final sum destined for his father's creditors; for a moment it glanced across his mind, that it would have been pleasant had he previously arranged to make the day of payment his wedding day, but true to the very letter of his determination, the feeling of regret that he had not done so was only momentary.

"I will, however," thought he, "make it the day on which I renew my proposals. I will then ask Sophia's hand boldly, both of herself and her father; and to wait a few additional days, after waiting ten years, is not much."

This delay of a few days was occasioned by an unexpected summons to a northern county, on some business that he had trusted to arrange by letter. He regretted the necessity, but lost not an hour in obeying the summons, and wisely determined to enjoy the journey as much as was consistent with the rigid manner in which he economised both his time and

personal expenditure. "If Sophia had been with me," thought he, "it might have been a real journey of pleasure. However, I may as well derive pleasure from it even now. Every Englishman ought to know something of the features of his own country, and admire them next to his wife's." Those features, as developed in the northern part of our island, afforded him substantial delight; he was not insensible to the beautiful in nature, still less was he indifferent to fertility, for the sober luxuriance of agriculture appealed to and gratified his patriotism; but the native elements of his own character gave him an instinctive admiration of the grand and noble severity of mountain scenery. He had something in common with it, for between the natural and the moral sublime there must ever exist an affinity of attributes. Having successfully accomplished the commercial purport of his journey, and finding that Winton Manor lay but a comparatively short distance out of his route, he diverged to take a view of the family seat of his relatives; for a realist, though not a pensioner upon emotion, may have sympathies bordering closely on the imagination. Some of the building had been pulled down, and some of it had been modernized, but enough of the original architecture remained to remind him of the long line of ancestors that had flourished under its roof. As strangers were admitted to visit the ancient rooms and picture gallery, he naturally availed himself of the privilege, and examined them with feelings far removed from strangership.

He felt himself a Winton whilst walking through the oak-panelled rooms, the ceilings of which were decorated with the family arms, and fresco-paintings illustrative of the family history—felt, too, as he looked on the walls, hung with faded portraits of stern warriors, stately dames, and statelier cavaliers, that ancestorial pride is one of those emotions that if not virtuous in itself may be made to subserve the cause of virtue. The men who had been courtiers did not excite more than a passing wonder whether they had retained their virtue and their happiness, but those who had distinguished themselves on field and flood commanded a more reverential gaze. "After all," thought he, as he stood before the picture of old Humphrey Winton, who in the attire of a Bristol burgher of his day looked somewhat out of place amongst the ruffs, and the cuffs, and the farthingales—the inlaid armor, buff coats, and lovelocks that adorned the other portraits—"perhaps, after all, this is the only one of my ancestors who, were he alive, could fully enter into *my* family pride; *he* would thank me for having felt it, and for having proved it in the homely manner in which it has been my duty and my pleasure to show it."

On descending the steps of the great hall he encountered a pale, effeminate-looking young man, whom, from a faint likeness to some of the portraits, he conjectured to be a son of the present family. Natural courtesy, and a sense of relationship, made him bow, and express in brief phrase his thanks for the pleasure

he had derived from a survey of the rooms open to the public. "Glad you have been pleased, Sir," replied the youth, with a languid acknowledgment of Richard's English bow. "Can't say I know much about the matter, as I never enter those apartments—grim affairs, I fancy. I should be very much obliged, I know, to any wind that would blow down the whole house, and then blow a decent habitable villa in its place."

"Your portrait gallery you would at least except," said Richard, with a smile, in which there might be a shade of disdain; "rather than have that blown away, I should be happy to find you a purchaser for its contents."

"You should have them all to-morrow for a single Claude—ancestors are all very well to prove that one is not a *parvenu;* but if they resemble their portraits one may rejoice that such fatiguing old gentlemen are dead."

"But under favor, Sir," replied Richard, "I think you must look with pleasure on the features of such of your ancestors as were famous either for valor or virtue. For instance, that fine painting of Herbert de Winton supporting the head of Sir Philip Sydney, on the field of Zutphen, where he had himself been wounded; and the lady Margaret de Winton, who, like another Countess of Derby, defended her house in the absence of her husband."

"May I beg to know, Sir," interrupted the young heir, for such he was, "what renders my family gallery so interesting to a stranger?"

"The feeling, Sir," replied Richard, composedly, "that he is also in his own family gallery, if like myself he were the representative of that branch of the Wintons who settled about a hundred and thirty years since at Bristol, in the character of merchants."

A sudden redness rose to the brow of the youth, making him for an instant look less effeminate:—disguising a movement of pride under an air of affectation, he made another languid bow, protested his utter ignorance of his genealogy—in which, however, his steward excelled—and passed on.

"Now, there," thought Richard, as he, too, continued his progress, "there goes a man who despises me—silly boy!—but I am glad I have seen the old place—Sophia shall see it too sometime."

Nothing occurred to impede his return home, where he arrived one day about noon, after a fortnight's absence, taking up his old habits of thought just where he left them. During the last few days of that absence, trial had been preparing for him in a quarter the most unexpected. As the coach drove past Mr. Sydney's bank, he thought there seemed an unusual concourse of persons round the door; but as it was a fair day, he supposed it attributable to that circumstance, as also a certain eagerness of deportment, which he had time to observe, in those who were pressing for admittance. He was scarcely out of the coach before a gentleman of his acquaintance grasped his arm, with evident marks of agitation in his countenance, and inquired whether he had heard the news.

"News—no—what has Wellington drubbed the French again?"

"No, my dear fellow, but we are likely to be drubbed at home—Sydney's bank—come, turn in to the inn with me and take some refreshment after your journey, and I will give you all the particulars. I knew you were expected to-day, and I have been waiting an hour to be the first to give you the news."

"I must trouble you to give me it here, and in a few words, if you please;—I am interested in that bank."

"I thought so—I feared so—how sorry, how very sorry, I am!"

"My good friend, do give me your information, or let me go and get it elsewhere," said Richard, hastily. The worthy narrator was a newsmonger, a man of little business and many words—much sympathy and little action—the most benevolent of bores—but with as little circumlocution as in him lay, the facts were announced—that a clerk had absconded with a large sum of money—that rumor stated the defaulter to be no other than the second partner, and the sum abstracted to be enormously beyond Mr. Sydney's admission—that in consequence, a panic was abroad, and the bank had been run upon for the two preceding days, so violently augmented within the last two hours by the influx of country people congregated at the fair—that great doubts were entertained, and many bets depending, as to whether a suspension of payment would not be announced before night.

Without waiting to hear one syllable of the advice or condolence volunteered by his informant, Richard Winton set off with steady haste in the direction to which the intelligence naturally led him. In going he must of necessity pass the dwelling-house of Mr. Sydney; he stopped, ascertained the room where Sophia was, and without delay or announcement walked straight into it. She looked pale, and her agitation was marked by that rigidity of feature which, more than tremor, announces, in strong minds, great mental distress. She rose, rather tottered than walked forward, and gave her hand to Richard; it was cold and clammy; and she articulated her welcome with apparent difficulty.

Richard placed his arm round her, and bore her back to a sofa.

"Only tell me the simple facts, my own Sophia, I am sure you know them, and I can depend on you implicitly—who is gone?—what is gone? May I believe the statements I shall hear at the bank?—may I safely do as I wish—support your father at this crisis?—the money in his hands is not mine, or I would not ask the question."

"Richard, this is no time for trifling; don't attribute my agitation to a wrong cause—I am confided in by two parties, how am I to act with integrity to both?"

"Leave to me the responsibility of acting, Sophia; only answer my plain questions; I cannot, and will not, act on uncertainties."

Miss Sydney placed in her friend's hands a hurried

note just received from the bank :—" Richard Winton is expected every hour; I beseech you use your influence with him not to draw out; say it is mere temporary convenience we want; assure him there is no ground for fear."

" And do you assure me so, Sophia ?"

" Richard, go and be governed by your own judgment—show no favor to me or mine contrary to it; the rumors are exaggerated grossly, but more than enough is true. William is gone to London to fetch supplies—if he succeeds in getting them, and returns in time for banking hours to-morrow, and if you do not draw out, all is safe—otherwise the doors must close; and my poor father—you know his feelings—he is frantic already at what he conceives the disgrace of having his bank run upon, what *would* he be then ?"

" Will the supplies come, do you think ?"

" We hope—believe—expect so; but no one can tell; go and judge for yourself, yourself only, Richard, don't save us at your own expense."

" Gladly would I, if that were all; farewell, dearest friend; but remember one thing—death only can rob you of my esteem." The speaker stooped and kissed her forehead with mingled gravity and affection, then hastened from the room to communicate with her father. His entrance into the bank, which was not effected without difficulty, evidently embarrassed Mr. Sydney, who had hitherto endeavored to conceal his feelings under a disengaged air. But the natural character of the man prevented his being a good

masquer; and through his smiles and bows, and his restless motions of hand and eye, a practised observer discerned inquietude amounting to anguish. All was bustle amongst the clerks, and yet a certain grave suppressed manner told that the business which occasioned such bustle was of no ordinary or agreeable kind. Richard observed that a look of intelligence passed, on his entrance, between one or two of the leading ones, which seemed to say, "Now we are done for." Whatever his feelings were, Mr. Sydney welcomed his friend with cordiality of manner, and began to make inquiries relative to his journey and his health.

"Can you step with me into your private room?" said Richard.

"Willingly, my dear Sir;" and with the most unwilling steps he led the way. "An annoying business this; but a mere annoyance—no consequence in the world—we could stand it twenty days longer."

Richard fixed his eye upon him, and said quietly, "I have had a conversation with Sophia—I must be told the truth."

There was no further attempt at disguise on the part of Mr. Sydney; his countenance underwent as great a change as if a visor had fallen from it, and revealed the strong workings of the natural features.

"Then it rests with you to save or ruin my credit," said he, in a faint voice.

"Mr. Sydney, answer me like a man, can I do the latter safely?"

"I hope—I think—I *believe* so."

"State your reasons; and, my good Sir, do be less violently agitated. Remember you speak to a man who will stand by you to the last, short of losing what he considers other persons' money intrusted to his guardianship. Come, be calm."

"Calm—calm, Mr. Winton!—you don't suppose I am made as you are. I tell you, Sir, if this bank is ever closed from inability to meet our payments, I will never enter my own doors alive. My credit is to me what other things have been to you, and I will not—take your hand off my arm, Mr. Winton—I *will* not survive its being even breathed upon!"

"And you forget that it is breathed upon already. Come, Mr. Sydney, be pacified, and if you mean me to serve you, tell me quietly the exact state of your affairs at this crisis."

As a child obeys the commands of a kind but resolute parent, Mr. Sydney by degrees gave Richard an account similar to what he had previously heard from Sophia. The sum with which the head cashier had absconded was of startling amount, but his partner had hired a vessel, and was in pursuit of the one in which it was believed he had set sail for America with his booty. The culprit had, however, the start of twelve hours.

"But, Mr. Sydney, suppose I do not draw out my money now in your hands, I must have it eventually."

"Certainly, but you would have patience, and give me time to sell property; besides, is there no difference between being in the power of a friend, and that

of a mean, dirty, purse-proud fellow, who would delight to show his shabby strength in petty provocations ?"

Here a clerk entered, and presented his master with a note. He read it at a glance, and then passionately tore it to pieces.

"Sir Jonas Wimperley—eh ? The greedy shark !—and he must come too. He that I have helped, and helped with hundreds upon hundreds, when his bond was worth no more than his word is now. He—he, forsooth, must have 'particular occasion for his uncle's legacy now in my hands.' It is new to him to have money to claim anywhere. Mr. Winton make your election, and don't spend reason upon a frantic man ; do you demand the whole or any part of your property intrusted to me ? Speak, Sir ; it lies between you and Sir Jonas. Both demands cannot be met, and if one must be preferred I would rather it were yours. Speak, I say, Sir."

"And *I* say, speak, Sir," replied Richard, in a calmly authoritative voice. "Answer me two questions rationally, and then I *will* tell you my decision. What reason have you to suppose that your London bankers will send you remittances back by William ?"

"My reason for supposing that they will, is from my knowing that it will not endanger them. William carried up with him the title-deeds of his eldest brother's estate, settled on him by his uncle."

"And can you solemnly assure me, that if he returns as you expect, with a supply of cash from Lon-

don, you can hold on, even if your partner does not recover your stolen property? I ask you as Sophia's father, well acquainted with the double stake I hazard."

"Mr. Winton, forgive my violence. I care little about lessening my private property, or even my children's. You shall suffer no *ultimate* loss—on the faith of an honest but most wretched man, you shall not."

"Then send the proper reply to Sir Jonas, and let me take a chair beside your desk; when some of these good countryfolks see that I trust thousands, perhaps they may be more inclined to trust simple scores. Just send a messenger with one line that I will write to Sophia. And stay, if yonder cupboard holds anything better than paper and parchment, let my stomach have the benefit of it. Come, drink a glass of your own Madeira."

"Richard, I have drank a whole bottle since morning, and it has affected me no more than water. Give me some brandy if you will—would, would it were night!"

All that has passed occupied little more than an hour, and three had yet to elapse before the arrival of that at which the bank was wont to close. By Richard's advice the doors were kept open a full hour longer than usual.

This, the sight of his steady cheerful presence behind the counter, and the knowledge, quickly circulated, of the very solid manner in which he had proved his confidence in Mr. Sydney's stability,

tended much to allay the public panic. At last the business of the day closed, and then the current of anxiety set in towards the morrow. After paying a short visit to his mother, Richard repaired again to Mr. Sydney, to await with him the arrival of the anxiously expected mail, and to receive the grateful thanks of one who knew his full worth. As if, however, there was to be no

"Blessed barrier between day and day,"

the arrival of the mail only plunged the watchers into new dilemmas. William was not among the passengers —there was no tidings of him—no parcel or letter from him. His father relapsed into all the agonies of irritation and despair, and it was not till Richard Winton threatened to withdraw his promise of the afternoon, that he was persuaded to retire to rest, and suffer an opiate to be administered to him. Left comparatively at ease, his friend and chief creditor proceeded to take measures for the morrow, and he did so with as much calmness as if he had had no personal interests dependent on the issue. More quickly than the day, the speed of which was desired, the night that many would have protracted, slipped noiselessly and rapidly away. The morning came—Mr. Sydney awoke—the banking hour struck, and still there was no William. The nervous agitation manifested by the poor father through the preceding days, was now exchanged for a gloomy, sullen, impenetrable manner, which occasioned his family infinitely more

alarm. Partially it might be considered a state of reaction, and as the effect of the strong opiate he had been forced to swallow; but much, too much, remained attributable to a dangerous state of morbid feeling, from which any desperate act may be expected. Richard Winton never lost sight of him for a single instant; *his* anxieties were indeed trebled, but the strength necessary to combat them seemed trebled too:—he rose to the occasion which the weaker mind associated with him sunk beneath. On this, the fourth day, Mr. Sydney seemed to lose all self-possession; he stood, spoke, listened, and signed his name, more like a moving automaton than a living man. The panic abated—the demands for payment were less, both in number and amount, but still they continued; and this, with the protracted delay of the London messenger, justified grave anxiety. Had a request for temporary assistance, coupled with the offer of securities, been addressed in the first instance to some leading men in his own town, money would have been raised, and much time and uneasiness would have been spared; but Mr. Sydney's pride could not brook making any request that seemed to compromise, even for a few days, his darling credit. "I have done all I can personally," said Richard, as noon advanced, and nothing indicated the approach of William, "I sent an express off last night, but his return may be too late for us; now, you must make up your mind to one of two things—either consent to a temporary suspension of payment, which, from an

examination of your affairs, I am satisfied would literally be but temporary; or you must let me go to some of your friends—old Allan, for instance—once satisfied as to your solvency, I think he would venture to ——"

"Richard Winton, if you mean to insult me, say so; what, make *that* mean, miserly, pitiful fellow, lord and master of my private affairs!—lay them and myself under the feet of any one here!—no, I would rather die a dozen deaths!"

"How much better that you should live a dozen lives, or at least, make the best of the one you have." Inwardly indignant at the cowardly selfishness thus manifested, yet carefully suppressing all signs of such indignant feeling, Richard was fain to give in to the current of circumstances, and hope that, as in a few hours one of the alternatives he had proposed must be adopted, necessity might be found a match even for obstinacy.

Two o'clock struck—two more hours, thought he, and we shall have fifteen to breathe in; all this delay comes of trusting that foolish lad—and if the whole truth must be confessed, Richard completed his mental soliloquy by some hard strictures on poets and poetry. The thread of his reflections was broken by a sudden trampling sound, as of a quantity of persons running at full speed; in a few seconds carriage wheels were heard also, and before he could well reach the street, a chaise and four had drawn up to the bank-door, and the crowd round it set up a hearty shout.

Opening the door from the inside, and without waiting for the steps to be let down, the first person who sprung out was William Sydney, looking as if just risen from his coffin. The next, who descended with somewhat less impetuosity, was a stranger; the third, who needed both steps and assistance, for he was ironed, was the delinquent clerk, believed to be on his way to America; the remaining and heaviest part of the carriage-contents were two small, strong, deal chests. These, with the passengers, were quickly deposited in the bank parlor. The father fell on his son's neck, burst into tears, and sobbed aloud. Richard Winton, before he asked a single question, handed the youth a large glass of Maderia—"Drink that, and then tell us all—you are in time."

"Thank heaven!—thank heaven!—I have travelled in torture, fearing I might be too late; father, ———'s were satisfied without the deeds, but there was some delay in getting the accommodation ready—no matter why—it is here; then, by the most miraculous chance—"

"Providence, William."

"Yes, Providence, Mr. Winton—I got a clew to the haunt of that wretched man there; the report of his having sailed from this port in the Juno, was all a feint; he set off to take shipping from London, where he had—but no, I am sworn to secrecy as to the *how* I got news of him—however, no matter, he was on shipboard, waiting for a wind. This was all I knew, and the place he was bound for; I procured a search-warrant, and we examined twenty vessels before we

found him; so disguised, Sir, painted and stuffed, that but for his agitation—for he shook through straw and yellow ochre like a coward as he is—even I might have been deceived; however, there he is, and most of his booty too; some of it *he* had abstracted—some of it *I* was forced to employ, but I did my best—wrong, perhaps, in not sending a clerk from ———'s with their remittances, only I wanted to bring all, and only found, too late, that I should be at least twelve hours after the mail; we have travelled throughout with four horses, driven like furies, paid like princes, neither eat, drank, slept, scarcely spoken; and now I should like to go to bed for seven days and nights; take care of Mr. Higson (he was a police officer)—that's my story."

When he came afterwards to narrate it more circumstantially, it was found that he had mingled with much youthful enthusiasm, great energy and acuteness; and he had the high gratification of hearing Richard Winton admit, with some qualifications, the ability he had displayed, and without any qualification at all, the value of his services. He went to bed that night as proud and happy as a hero after his first victory; and every one sympathized with him, except the wretched man whose villany he had rendered abortive. Without any of the mournful pomp and circumstance that had accompanied his journey from London, he was officially examined, and then conducted to the county gaol to await his trial. In the course of a few months he was tried, and convicted; but Mr. Sydney used every means to prevent the

sentence of death being carried into effect, and, succeeding in his efforts, death was recorded against him, and transportation for life became the mitigated penalty of his crime.

There now remained not a single obstacle to the completion of Richard Winton's long cherished plans. With more pleasure than many feel on receiving money, he paid off the last creditor, and retrospectively at least, effaced the stain of bankruptcy from his family name and his father's character. The future, speaking with human limitation, was safe in the guardianship of integrity that could not swerve from truth, and energy that might meet misfortune and difficulty, but would battle nobly with both, and even if borne down awhile by their pressure, would still say, with religious resolution,

> All these have somewhat worn me, and may wear,
> And must be borne—I stoop not to despair.*

The sense entertained by his townsmen of his admirable conduct, was manifested by a compliment seldom paid to private virtue. They placed a full-length portrait of him in one of their public buildings; and when with sincere modesty he objected to such public homage, the reply made was in itself a tribute of honor—"We wish your portrait, Sir, not for the sake of strangers, but of our children; we wish to show *them* that honesty can induce heroism, and in some cases deserves heroic rewards."

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* Lord Byron's Lament of Tasso.

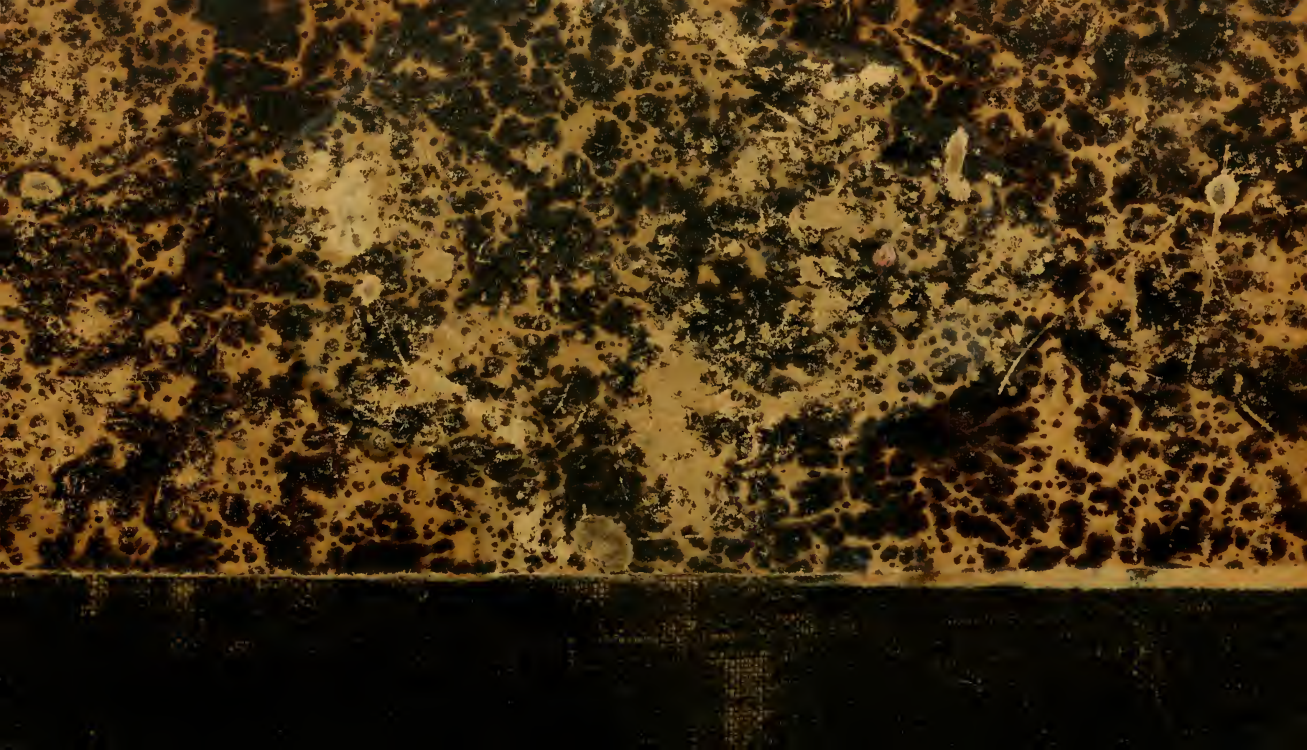
Having insured to his mother a continuance of her present income, his marriage with Sophia followed as a matter of course; but his happiness, even at its climax, was characterized by depth and sobriety rather than by vivacity, just as his love had been a thing of serious faith, not a sentiment of passionate fancy. William, who was groom's man, failed not to present his brother-in-law with an epithalamium, warm from his head and warmer from his heart; and his poetic coinage was most good-naturedly acknowledged. Bright was the morning, and very cheerful sounded the marriage-peal, when the wedded pair drove out of town, no longer in the bloom of youth, and long past the hey-day of vain expectations either from the world or each other. They were nevertheless, that, in truth, which so many are called falsely—a "happy couple;" and any one, who knowing their history could have beheld the serene satisfaction painted in the countenances of both, might have understood the perfect truth with which the poet wove a garland for duty—so generally spoken and thought of as a cold and joyless thing:—

> Stern Lawgiver! yet thou dost wear
> The Godhead's most benignant grace;
> Nor know we anything so fair
> As is the smile upon thy face:
> Flowers laugh before thee on their beds,
> And fragrance in thy footing treads;
> Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong,
> And the most ancient heavens, through thee, are fresh and strong!*

* Wordsworth's Ode to Duty.

During the forty years that followed his marriage, he had of course his occasional afflictions; he knew what it was to stand at the grave of children, and beside the dying bed of friends; but his religion was practical, and in sorrow he eminently exemplified the humility of a strong mind. He had, too, his losses and crosses; but they never for a moment shook his confidence in the abounding blessings scattered over existence; and inasmuch as may consist with the unavoidable contingences incident to mortality, happy and prosperous was the remainder of Richard Winton's career. To the end, in great matters and in small, he continued to evidence that feature in the character of a good man, not always evidenced even by persons of integrity, "He shall guide his affairs with discretion."

Some may think that too much stress is laid on a life so plain as that of him we have denominated a realist. We contend for qualities, not adventures; for the "patient continuance in well doing," rather than single actions and sudden virtues, however splendid in themselves, and momentous in their results. For this "patient continuance"—this hanging homely deeds upon high motives—this faithful adherence to a worthy purpose, alike through discouragement and temptation, is the best proof that a man's energy is gold, not pinchbeck; his mind a fountain whence he may draw support, not a shining mirage calculated only for display. And such characters as Richard Winton are rare, but influential as rare. In public life, whether their powers have been consecrated to worthy or unworthy

aims—whether they have sworn like Hannibal to hate, or like Regulus never to injure—it has been theirs to control the human destiny of millions, and "darken nations when they died." In private life, it is still theirs, either for good or evil, to place numbers at the mercy of their own solitary musings; to draw, not be drawn; to lead, not follow; to give opinions, not ask them; to gather in their grasp the purposes, inclinations, and energies of inferior minds, and fling them forward in the direction of *their* will. The men of this class, let them be born when and where they will, are born to be kings among their fellows; if wicked, to drag many down with them to perdition; if good, to raise multitudes to celestial heights of improvement and happiness. They are the Cæsars and the Cromwells of their kind, they are also the Howards and the Pauls.

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